BUTLER.

Quoth she, I told thee what would come,
Of all thy vapouring, base scum:

Vol. I. Hudibras, Part 1, Canto 3.

Painted by Wm Singleton. *Engraved by R.W. Tomkins.*

Published 1st Jan.y 1801 by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

THE FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES OF

BUTLER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,

Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1812.

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HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

TO THE READER.

POETA nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being most certain that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our author wittily invokes;

> Which made them, though it were in spite
> Of Nature and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are *raræ aves in terris;* so when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth: and our au-

thor, had his modesty permitted him, might, with Horace, have said,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius;

or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

The author of this celebrated Poem was of this last composition; for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his Reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, 'He must have a genius extraordinary: great natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul that depends not only on art or study, but is purely a gift of Heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them;' &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sallied forth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
His horse's virtues, and his own;
The' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon [1] first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why [2];
When hard words [3], jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk;

[1] To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury.

[2] It may be justly said *They knew not why;* since, as Lord Clarendon observes, 'The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began.'

[3] By *hard words*, he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, The Godly, the Predestinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick [4];
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling [5].
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry [6];
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle [7],
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war as well as peace:
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water)

[4] Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

[5] The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament-army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surry, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country.

[6] He kneeled to the King, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

[7] In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human learning are finely satirized; philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write)
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was not such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd;

And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a proselyte, but for claps [8].
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman [9], a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men [10] and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

[8] Thus changed in the editions of 1674, 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700,

And truly so perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

[9] Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) *a malignant psalm*.

Ib. Lord Clarendon observes, 'That after the declaration of No more Addresses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before, were now the justices of the peace.' Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, that the 'town of Chelsmford in Essex was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two coblers, two tailors, and two pedlars.'

[10] In the several counties, especially the associated ones, (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire), which sided with the Parliament, committees were erected of such men as were for the *Good Cause*, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
He' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to show't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone,
As if he' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
They' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin or counterfeit [11]
New words, with little or no wit;

[11] The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out, Gospel-walking times, &c. which we shall meet with hereafter, in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead, in his two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard.

Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator [12], who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe [13] or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood by' implicit faith;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go:
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,

[12] Demosthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech.

[13] An eminent Danish mathematician.

Ib. William Lilly, the famous astrologer of these times.

But oftentimes mistook the one
For the' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable [14];
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce [15]:

[14] *Irrefragable.*] Alexander Hales, so called: he was an Englishman, born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis;* that is, the *Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

[15] Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle of divines.* The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishopricks, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 vols. several times printed.

Johannes Dunscotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunscotus:* Moreri, Bucha-

Profound in all the Nominal
And Real [16] ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a high Dutch interpreter;

nan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and, for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308.

[16] Gulielmus Occham was father of the *Nominals*, and Johannes Dunscotus of the *Reals*.

If either of them had a navel [17];
Who first made music malleable:
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:—
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out and miss the matter.
For his religion [18], it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant [19];
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun [20]:
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;

[17] Several of the ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

[18] Mr. Butler is very exact in delineating his hero's religion; it was necessary that he should do so, that the reader might judge whether he was a proper person to set up for a reformer, and whether the religion he professed was more eligible than that he endeavoured to demolish.

[19] Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration; much blood was shed to get it established in England; and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

[20] Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, He should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, 'These, Sir, (said the Cornet) are my instructions.'

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks[21];
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect[22] whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong[23], than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for:
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:

[21] Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his 'Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy.'

[22] The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

[23] They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge,
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
The' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and wigeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the' advowson of his conscience[24].
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd;
We mean on the' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny beard[25] was the' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.

[24] Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him; but refused, because, he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world that the old Pharisee and new Puritan have consciences of the self same temper, 'to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.'

[25] It may be asked, Why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's-beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain; the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King; hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Sampson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders, by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere[26];
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
To' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of the' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd:
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast
As long as Monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;

[26] A Grey Friar of the Franciscan order; so called from a *cord* full of knots worn about the waist.

But, with his rusty sickle, mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius [27], from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech;
But when the date of Nock was out
Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burden, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For, as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cram'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,

[27] Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A. D. 1553, and was Professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the Anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.—He wrote a treatise in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages.

Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bologne;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own;
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazin,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt:
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they pass'd,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found;
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table, like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;

Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to' the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and some times pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its age had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer[28],
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

In the' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with the' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the' ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on the' outside of his horse;

[28] A banter on Oliver Cromwell, Colonel Pride, and others, of the party, who had been concerned in breweries.

For having but one stirrup tied
To' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, he' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into the' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight; but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.
  But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It does behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for he' had but one
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up;
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to set him down.

We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prick'd,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.
A Squire he had whose name was Ralph [29],
That in the' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Raph;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had lain in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,

[29] Sir Roger L'Estrange says, 'This famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new querpo-cut in church government:' but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, it is observed, 'That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators.'

Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-leg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;
A liberal art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation nine-pence [30] crook'd
With—'To and from my love'—it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too;
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.

[30] Until the year 1696, (when all money, not milled, was called in) a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called 'To my love,' and 'From my love;' and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

By means of this, with hem and cough,
(Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff)
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds, we say
That they are ne'er beside their way,
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by, but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves [31] and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone;
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear:
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poet's song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

[31] Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was, probably, an Anabaptist or Dipper.

For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
The' intelligible world, could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd;
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosycrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry 'Rope,' and 'Walk, knave, walk.'
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign pow'r to make men wise;
For drop'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these (as he profess'd)
He had First Matter seen undress'd;
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.

The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied;
Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
To' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
He could foretel [32] whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass;
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this, without the' eclipse o' th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,

[32] The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretel things, to encourage the people in their rebellion.

And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves:
But not what wise, for only of those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:—
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was the' accomplish'd Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge perilous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:

Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke the' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.
Thou! that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Wither, Prynne, and Vicars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write;
Who (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, pen'd
By' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;

Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town [33]
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting:
A bold adventurous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation [34],
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion

[33] Brentford, which is six miles west from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II. Canto 3, where he tells the Knight what befel him there:

And though you overcame the Bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair.

[34] Alluding to the bull running at Tutbury in Staffordshire: where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward,

According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
To' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, being bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But let's them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear;
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
[35] 'We that are wisely mounted higher

before the bull was turned loose; 'That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril.' *Dr. Plot's Staffordshire.*

[35] This speech is set down, as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own words: but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

Than constables [36] in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators should foresee,
From Pharos of authority [37],
Portended mischiefs further than
Low Proletarian tything-men;
And therefore being inform'd by bruit [38]
That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same;
(For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save the' expense of Christian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Covenant and the Cause's sake [39]?

[36] Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the Constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least; 'That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels:' but they proceeded not so far as to name any body; because Harry Martin (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying, 'The power was too great for any man.'

[37] Being, as one of the quorum, elevated above the populace.

[38] *By bruit.*] i. e. by popular report.

[39] This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scotish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received

But in that quarrel, Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
(Though every *nare olfact* is not)
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our ownselves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy [40],
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.

and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

lb *Cause's sake.*] Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, 'That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no god for me; but the Devil is got up into heaven' Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, 'I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause.' *See Loyal Songs*, Vol. ii. No. 26.

'They pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws,
To set up an idol, then nick-nam'd *The Cause*,
Like Bell and the Dragon to gorge their own maws.'

[40] A fight between dogs and bears.

I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,
Unless by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate [41] it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast?
They fight for no espoused Cause,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
Nor liberty of Consciences [42],
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances [43];
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
To get them in their own no-hands,
Nor evil Counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the King;
Nor for the worship of us men,
Though we have done as much for them.
The' Egyptians worship'd dogs, and for
Their faith made internecine war [44].
Others ador'd a rat, and some
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of the' elephant and monkey's tooth;

[41] *Averruncate.*] To weed or root up.

[42] *Nor* for free *Liberty of* Conscience.] Thus the two first editions read: the word *free* was left out in 1674; and Warburton thinks for the worse; *free liberty* being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the author here intended to give us.

[43] The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made: therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of 'An Ordinance of Lords and Commons,' and sometimes, 'An Ordinance of Parliament.'

[44] *Internecine war.*] A war of mutual destruction.

And many to defend that faith,
Fought it out *mordicus*[45] to death;
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them like *boute-feus*,
'Tis our example that instils
In them the' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all the' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd Antichristian game.'
  To this, quoth Ralpho, 'Verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating;
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;
And so is (secondly) The thing:

[45] *Mordicus.*] i. e. with their teeth.

A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is Idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.'
  Quoth Hudibras, 'I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;
(For that Bear-baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis, so do I)
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly *homœosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
Under a cough to slur a f—t,
Thou would'st sophistically imply—
Both are unlawful; I deny.'
'And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or Parochial Classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;

For 'tis not hard to' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry and no wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things *ejusdem generis:*
And then what *genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both.
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of different specieses.
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess' and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slur'd and outed by success;

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we' are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a valorous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
The' attempt, or victory to come.
'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd — — — [46],
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought:

[46] The writers of the *General Historical Dictionary*, Vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, 'That the chasm here is to be filled with the words *Sir Samuel Luke*, because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this Poem is of eight.

He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success:
Nor will we fail in the' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With entering manfully, and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.'
This said; as erst the Phrygian knight,
So our's with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel,
A wight bestride a Common-weal,
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the sullen jade has stir'd.

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of the' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
He' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to inchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Just so Romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?
O' th' first of these we have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter;
In which, to do the injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
(Like those that a whole street do rase
To build a palace in the place)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,

Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks to' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit,
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones;
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert;
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
This being profest, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode; but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term't or succussation [1])
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how;

[1] Tollutation and succussation are terms used here for ambling and trotting.

Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot:
But let that pass; they now begun
To spur their living engines on:
For as whip'd tops and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals;
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by Geometry,
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Bramins were from Penguins.
So let them be; and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain
Which the' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off, much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
To' observe their numbers and their order,
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stop'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward;

Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving victual.
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's sword from retentive scabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desperate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did[2];
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero[3] march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer,
By thunder turn'd to vinegar,

[2] Thus altered in the edition of 1674:

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
Than could b' expected from his steed.

For *Hugo*, see Davenant's Gondibert.

[3] So called, from *crowd*, a fiddle. This was one Jackson a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Roundheads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouse to another, for his bread.

(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose:
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings:
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music or for pudding;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddlestick;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-leg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth:
And yet by authors 'tis aver'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
Where bulls do choose the boldest king
And ruler, o'er the men of string,
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd)
He bravely, venturing at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,

Esteem'd more honourable than the' other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.
Next march'd brave Orsin [4], famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now Marshal to the champion Bear.
With truncheon tip'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat:
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry 'Whoop,' and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden-Paris:
For soldiers, heretofore, did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now,

[4] *Orsin.*] Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-garden in Southwark: he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

Until some splay-foot politicians
To' Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licensing a new invention
They 'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing:—Quoth Sir Sun,
'My friends, that is not to be done.'
'Not done! (quoth Statesmen;) Yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.'
'Why then let's know it,' quoth Apollo:—
'We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.'
'A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that's true,
A pretty' invention, quaint and new:
But though of voice and instrument
We are the' undoubted president,
We such loud music do not profess,
The Devil is master of that office,
Where it must pass; if't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*[5].
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.'
They did so, but it proved so ill,
They 'ad better let 'em grow there still.—
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before; that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been applied to' almost all fighters,
More justly may be' ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, *(viz.)*

[5] The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal prerogative, and particularly this, for granting licences for new inventions.

None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base-births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a window)
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old Homer first made lampoons)
Arctophylax[6], in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From him his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder;
By skilful chemist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Though by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others' doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write[7], a red-hot spit
Being prudently applied to it,

[6] A star near Ursa Major, called Bootes.

[7] A banter upon Sir Kenelm Digby's discourse concerning the cure of wounds by sympathy.

Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
  Thus virtuous Orsin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far [8]
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.
  The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and *langued*,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their victual with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,

[8] 'A wise physician skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.'
Pope's Homer.

And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin,
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws:
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And the' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And every man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in's way.
He 'ad trac'd the countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc, the traveller,
Who writes, he spous'd in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a sav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol[9] was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil:
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made;
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;
But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:
With greater troops of sheep he' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdued; as poets say, long ágone,
Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,
(Which whosoever took, is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under-worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean;
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,

9. *Talgol.*] A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby.

For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungling.
  Next these the brave Magnano [10] came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't:
Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax's seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.
  In magic he was deeply read,
As he [11] that made the brazen-head;
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He could transform himself in colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites, in show,
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
  Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was the' inventor of, and maker:

[10] *Magnano.*] Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burrows; who, with equal blasphemy, would style Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

[11] *He.*] Friar Bacon.

The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla [12] lov'd, Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Moll [13]:
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him
In every adventure he' undertook,
And never him or it forsook:
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than the' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And though some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That (spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears;

[12] *Trulla.*] The daughter of James Spencer: so called, because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his *trull.*

[13] Alluding, probably, to Mary Carlton, called *Kentish Moll,* but more commonly *The German Princess;* a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica 1671; but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 22, 1673.

And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame
To swear by Hercules's name)
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gondibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass;
They say 'tis false without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon [14] next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'st:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortified
The weak against the strongest side:

[14] *Cerdon*] A one-eyed cobler, like his brother Colonel Hewson: his chief talent lay in preaching.

Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years' war.
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefest talent [15],
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,

[15] Mechanics of all sorts were then Preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. 'I am to tell thee, Christian Reader, (says Dr. Featley, in a preface to his *Dipper dipp'd*, 1647.) This new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and, I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables, (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more) stalls into quires, shopboards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; "on such a day, such a brewer's clerk exerciseth; such a tailor expoundeth; such a waterman teacheth."—If cooks instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up from the shopboard into the pulpit, and patch up ser-

He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at Conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.
Last Colon [16] came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his horse were of a piece;
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes:
Strange food for horse! and, yet, alas!
It may be true, for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in dog or neat.
He rip'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family

mons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—Do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is!'

[16] *Colon.*] Ned Perry, an hostler.

More worshipful; till antiquáries
(After they 'ad almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side;
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did the' earth possess.
  These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of several counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:—
  'What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
What œstrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies [17] your trophies boast
And unreveng'd walks Waller's [18] ghost?

[17] *Vies.*] De Vies. [18] *Waller.*] Sir W. Waller.

What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain untriumphable fray?
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints [19], and let the Cause lie fallow?
The Cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant;
And we that took it and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
For as we make war for the King [20]
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do
For God and for Religion too;
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
The prototype of Reformation,

[19] Mr. Walker observes, 'That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land, were united together under the title of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat of the land between them;' and he calls them 'the Saints who were canonized no where but in the Devil's Calendar.' *Hist. of Independency.*

[20] The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the King, maintained still, that they fought *for him;* for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one; 'His political person, (they said) must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.'

Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the Town
Join throats to cry the Bishops down[21]?
Who having round begirt the palace,
(As once a month they do the gallows)
As Members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle:
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cried 'Reform;'
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry 'No Bishop;'
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church;
Some cried the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House;
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-book:

[21] 'Good Lord! (says the *True Informer*, p. 12.) what a deal of dirt was thrown in the Bishops' faces! What infamous ballads were sung! What a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them! So far, that a dog with a black and white face was called a *Bishop*.'

A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation[22].
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these carryings on did tend!
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did saints, for this, bring in their plate,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
The Brethrens' offerings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?

[22] Those flights, which seem most extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their *Large Declaration*, 1637,) begin their petition against the Common Prayer-book thus:—'We men, women, and children, and servants, having considered, &c.' *Foulis's Hist. of Wicked Plots.*

Have powerful Preachers plied their tongues,
And laid themselves out, and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister?
Have they invented tones to win
The women, and make them drawn in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Providence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd the' Enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the news o' th' last express,
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions
As overtures and propositions,
(Such as the Army did present
To their Creator, the Parl'ament)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the work be carried on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parl'ament drew up petitions
To' itself, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In every city and great town,
With power to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back again?

For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that show'd
As if they to the pillory rode?
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been tried by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all to' advance the Cause's service;
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Covenant swore
Each man of us to run before
Another, still in Reformation
Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
What will Malignants say? *Videlicet*,
That each man swore to do his best
To damn and perjure all the rest?
And bid the Devil take the hin'most
Which at this race is like to win most.
They'll say our business, to Reform
The Church and State, is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
To an unknown Church-discipline,
What is it else, but before-hand
To' engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of churches best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be;

And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et cæteras;*
Or the French League [23], in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The Cause and Work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
To' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than Gospel-walking times,
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal:
In name of King and Parl'ament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen,
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are.
But to that purpose first surrender
The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.

[23] The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend. And as our Covenanters swore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

He, and that engine of vile noise [24],
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be brought
To condign pun'shment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.'—
This said, he clap'd his hand on sword,
To show he meant to keep word.
But Talgol [25], who had long suppress'd
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: 'Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;

[24] The threatening punishment to the Fiddle, was much like the threats of the pragmatical troopers to punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, *Plain Dealer*, vol. i. 'I was driving,' says he, 'into a town upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to dine: there came up in a great rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered there, and asked "What I bushed out my horses for?" I told them, "To drive flies away." But they said, "I was a Jacobite rascal, that my horses were guilty of high treason, and my waggon ought to be hanged."—I answered, "It was already drawn, and within a yard or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a compliment we had no occasion for, and therefore desired them to take it back again, and keep it in their own hands till they had an opportunity to make use of it."—I had no sooner spoke these words, but they fell upon me like thunder, stripped my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black and blue with my own oak-branches.'

[25] It may be asked, why Talgol was the first in answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the Bear-ward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavaller; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary; and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture.

Thou tail of Worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old iron, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
To' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work to' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might show?
Was no dispute a-foot between
The caterwauling Brethren?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water-saints,
Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
And not, for want of business, come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,

And set th' a task, with subordination,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee
He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
Or sent th' on business any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.'—
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out:
'Was I for this entitled *Sir!*
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,

Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of Justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military:
Nor shall these words, of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free;
Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em;
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
With gauntlet blue and bases white [26],
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defied
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.'
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against the' outside of Talgol's skull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murther:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,

[26] Allusive to his blue frock and white apron.

And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stun'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:
For wood, with honour being engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death;
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning slight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile the' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, t' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having crop'd them from the root,
He clap'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blundering still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By slight escap'd the fatal blow,

He rallied, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down,
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong-Knight, from bruise or wound:
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
Being heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:

It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew:
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove to' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, the' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, to' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,

Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho, (who had now begun
To' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house)
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to smite again,
When Ralpho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: 'What desperate frenzy
Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
To' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,

And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the gaol,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.'
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, 'You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies prisoner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,

Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual gaol;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions whether right or wrong;
Although Out-goings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked [27] have no right
To the' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought to' enjoy, if they 'ad their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before:
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.'

[27] It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace, (in their opinion) if he was not a saint or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. 'The Saints (as the Squire says) had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.'

At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
'Great Sir,' quoth he 'your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
Or ill entreat his fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?
For though I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
Argues your pow'r above your will;
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow'r which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a Knight of straw;

For Death would then be his conqueror
Not you, and free him from that terror,
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too
To do as you resolv'd to do;
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes; the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The' other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dub'd Knight:
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war,
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be tried;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd[28],

[28] When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying, it was revealed to him that such a one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made! Dr. South observes of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel

Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have power to hang him when you please;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors; you know whom;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd:
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call *just*,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak;
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.'
  This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the business done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
  Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having tied Crowdero fast,

in the Parliament army, that he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it: 'Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently.'

He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire, in state, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy-Fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side;
And tow'd him, if he lag'd behind,
Like boat, against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they 'ad gone;
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
The' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable:
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough [29].
Thither arriv'd, the' adventrous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight

[29] *i. e.* Headborough, or constable.

At the' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built to' imprison hands;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enow:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat;
Crowdero making doleful face,
'Like hermit poor in pensive place [30],'
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet;
But the' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clap'd up fast in prison for't:
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

[30] See Hawkins' 6th edition of Walton's Angler, p. 110, where the old song so entitled is inserted.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
And is made prisoner; then they seize
The' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the' Squire in's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron?
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps?
For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him, for a while,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, 'What if a Day?'
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field, as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop,
Thinking he 'd done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of Diurnal,

Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'd got the' advantage of the ground,
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untried, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic,
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force

He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcass at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng:
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where the' odds were such;
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastives, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In the' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,

Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some every where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington [1], in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
  But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla' and Cerdon in the nick
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
'Shall we,' quoth she, 'stand still *hum drum*,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as achiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.'
'I would,' quoth he, 'venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;

[1] Alluding to the old ballad of Chevy-chase.

But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.'
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that the' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile they' approach'd the place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conquering foe they soon assail'd,
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Mastives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dip'd in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel:
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head, so Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on t'other side,
Like scrivener newly crucified:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethern.

But gentle Trulla into the' ring
He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed
(As authors write) in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly-murmuring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.
For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground,
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursued
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret:
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear,

That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That makes her, in their ruthful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, 'O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my'—Echo, 'Ruin.'
'I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear.' Quoth Echo, 'Marry guep.'
'Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
For thy dear sake.' Quoth she, 'Mum budget.'
'Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back?' Quoth Echo, 'Pish.'
'To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly?' Quoth Echo, 'Mum.'
'But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause?' Quoth she, 'a Pudding.'
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;

Thirst of revenge and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.
  But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warrior's stout,
And resolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
  'Shall we,' quoth he, 'thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for the washing gave my head;

Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome:
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.'
  Quoth Cerdon, 'Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has every body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And the' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded ver' ill;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.'
  This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design,

And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march:
Where leave we them awhile, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel:
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow,
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighbouring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues:
To mollify the' uneasy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
(For he, in all his amorous battles,
No 'dvantage finds, like goods and chattles)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the' purtenance:
But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
After he found his suit in vain:
For that proud dame, for whom his soul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that so oft did ache,
And suffer griping for her sake,

Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs)
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.
She had a thousand jadish tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange, and mad;
She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;
Not love, if any lov'd her: hey day!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witch's prayer.
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion:
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed;
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;

Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her disdain,
Turn'd to regret so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution being put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The victory he achiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinued hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
These reasons made his mouth to water
With amorous longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himself, ' Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do,
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mousetrap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:

Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune the' audacious doth *juvare*
But lets the timidous miscarry:
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick-and-span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest.'
Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep;
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone, and hoarse,
'Ralpho, dispatch, to horse! to horse!'
And 'twas but time; for now the rout
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
And all the' avénues had possest
About the place, from east to west.
That done, a while they made a halt
To view the ground, and where t' assault:
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This being resolv'd, in comely sort
They now drew up to' attack the fort;

When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed,
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.
  His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
Surpris'd with the' unexpected sight:
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh;
Till re-collecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke: 'The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rallied, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat;
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining blades again
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.'
  This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name:
His pistol next he cock'd a-new,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then plied,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
  Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows,
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;

Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
To' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting lest the shot
Of the' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the adventrous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw.

The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing,
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, 'A surgeon' cried, 'A surgeon;'
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did, 'Murder, murder, murder,' yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras's hurt, forbare
To press the' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe;
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight,
And the' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,

Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.
Quoth Ralpho, 'Courage, valiant Sir!
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run:
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory as subdue,
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them re-collect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day.'
Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;
To which he answer'd, 'Cruel Fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end:
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit:
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond;

Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we 'ad time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on, the dishonour
And danger too is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' the' enemy.'
This said; the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance:
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
The' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the beast;
When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,

Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cried out, ' 'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally;
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.'
This said, like to a thunderbolt
He flew with fury to the' assault,
Striving the' enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile, the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out;

And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least crop'd off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescued him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite:
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them to' oppose;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stun'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cried out, '*Victoria!* lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another
To bear thee company in death;
But first I'll halt awhile, and breathe;'—
As well he might; for Orsin, griev'd
At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himself, and next find out

The' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This being resolv'd he spur'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware;
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part applied remedy;
And seeing the' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
Then like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay the' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore:
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone,
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
'Courage! the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won;
The foe is profligate, and run:
I mean all such as can; for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.

Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day
As I have done, that can say, twice I
In one day *veni, vidi, vici.*
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere,*
As they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.'
Quoth Ralph, 'I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,
And reach your hands to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.'
'That thou shalt not,' quoth Hudibras;
'We read the Ancients held it was
More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary;
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon:
And though th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.'
This said, he jog'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently towards the Squire,

Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out,
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got:
But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's:
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other side, that down he fell.
'Yield, scoundrel base,' quoth she, 'or die;
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy
To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms, and baggage; now my right;
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcass vile,
Fight upon tick.'—Quoth Hudibras,
'Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword;
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,

And some to other worlds dispatcht,
Now with a feeble spinster matcht,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd:
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
By' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off,
(And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace
By law of arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.'
'I scorn,' quoth she, 'thou coxcomb silly,
(Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To show how much she priz'd his speech)
Quarter or counsel from a foe;
If thou canst force me to it, do:
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.'
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
'Stand to't,' quoth she, 'or yield to mercy;
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn.'—This stir'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although they' already made him reel;
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;

Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick:
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground:
No sooner she the' advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,
Quoth she, 'I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum!
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m' against my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?'

Quoth Hudibras, 'The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou needst not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illust'rous
For being benign, and not blustrous
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
To' employ their courtesies about.'
Quoth she, 'Although thou hast deserv'd,
Base slubberdegullion! to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory,
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on the' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'st I must obey;
Yet those whom I expung'd to-day
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too.

Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel.'
Quoth Trulla, 'Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchang'd for him.'
This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
'Take that, and wear it for my sake;'
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be satisfied;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower.

But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandish't o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad giv'n him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stop'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting,
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' ingage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho press'd;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ushering Trulla in the rear,
With the' arms of either prisoner.

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach the' inchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use to' allow; or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use; they soon arriv'd,
In order soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in Black Art,
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd to' his Fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire were he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-Hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,

Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow;
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayiugs of philosophers.
Quoth he, 'Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd;
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cried,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes; who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.
The Ancients make two several kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive val'ant,
Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desperately, and to out-do
The active 'gainst a conquering foe.

Though we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drub'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattle
Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain;
He that is beaten, may be said
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
For as we see the' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.'
Quoth Ralph, 'How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass[2], do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,

[2] In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out, (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken) would say that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn, and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher, that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed.

But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble,
Having subdued a Bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof?
A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.'
  Quoth Hudibras, 'That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:
When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
Thou tak'st Presbytery, thy scale,
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'st Synodical:
As if Presbytery were a standard
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard was bold to say,
That thou couldst prove Bear-baiting equal
With Synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy light.'
  Quoth Ralpho, 'Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,
And could believe it worth his pains:
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
  'Synods are mystical Bear-gardens,
Where, Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babylonish sport;

For Prolocutor, Scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent as far's in them lies:
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In the' other Souls and Consciences;
Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs;
Than whom they 'ave less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their Orders, Constitutions,
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
But several mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set Heathen officers,
Instead of Dogs about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out or to make offence;

Of hell and heaven to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
To make Presbytery supreme,
And Kings themselves submit to them;
And force all people, though against
Their consciences, to turn Saints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints monopolists are made:
When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are Dispensations and Gifts,
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And every Synod but a fair.
Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
And growing up, became the sires
Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;
Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
To cast a figure for men's light,
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of Grace[3];
And by the sound and twang of nose,
If all be sound within disclose;
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light;

[3] These Triers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him.

Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
To make the Spiritual Calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck
(Canonical cravat of Smec[4],
From whom the institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest cut in fashion:
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in dominion.
Great piety consists in pride;
To rule is to be sanctified:
To domineer, and to control,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But these will not be fob'd off so,
They must have wealth and power too;
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
'Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;

[4] Smectymnus was a word of five parliamentiarians, the initials of whose names formed the word; they wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a mark of distinction.

Whose directory was to kill,
And some believe it is so still.
The only difference is, that then
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child, to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.
Presbytery does but translate
The Papacy to a free state:
A common-wealth of Popery,
Where every village is a See
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where every Presbyter and Deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
And every hamlet's governed
By's Holiness, the Church's head,
More haughty and severe in's place,
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such Church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we conster
What in the' Apocalypse we find,
According to the' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.
' Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and Lay behind;

A lawless linsie-woolsie brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts:
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his;
He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk;
Those pastors are but the' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At t'other end the new-made Pope.'
'Hold, hold,' quoth Hudibras, 'soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lente, not too fast,
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, to Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood,

I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitilitigation,
And make you keep to the' question close,
And argue *dialectiῶs* [5].
'The question then, to state it first,
Is, "Which is better or which worst,
Synods or Bears?" Bears I avow
To be the worst, and Synods thou;
But to make good the' assertion,
Thou say'st, they're really all one.
If so, not worse; for if they're *idem*,
Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant, but not *rationalia:*
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.
That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say No:
And thus I prove it, in a word;
Whats'ever Assembly's not impow'r'd
To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden
Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none,
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
'But yet we are beside the quest'on
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;

[5] According to the rules of logic.

For that was, " Whether Bears are better
Than Synod-men?" I say *Negatur.*
That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then;
For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but Synod-men on two.
'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that Synod-men have tails;
Or that a rugged shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hyde of Presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into shape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-man was lickt,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
' But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bear-wards too:
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet.
' Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may choose
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men,

(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts)
And is the same that Ranter [6] said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard;
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When being in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out:
And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee again.'
Quoth Ralpho, 'Nothing but the' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning [7], that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art to' incumber Gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet:
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;

[6] The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those times. Alexander Rose observes, 'That they held that God, devil, angels, heaven, and hell, &c. were fictions and fables: that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors; and what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with, as to matter of religion, perished with them: that preaching and praying are useless, and that preaching is but public lying: that there is an end of all ministry and administrations, and people are to be taught immediately from God,' &c.

[7] 'Twas the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c. who governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, 'That learning had always been an enemy to the Gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no universities, and that all books were burnt except the Bible.'

A fort of error, to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd and intricate:
For nothing goes for Sense or Light,
That will not with old rules jump right;
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention:
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to the' argument.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last:
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere *disparata*[8]; that concerning
Presbytery; this, human learning;
Two things so averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I shall take a fit occasion
To' evince thee by' ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our wearied bones a while,
Already tir'd with other toil.

[8] *Disparata*] Things separate and unlike.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in prison,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers; yet, on parole,
Redeems him from the' inchanted hole.

But now, to' observe Romantic method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe a while:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface,—
Is't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way?
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.

Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaisters off their sores;
As cripples do, to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.
But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found the' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.
There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin camelion boards
Herself on air, and eats her words[1];

[1] The beauty of this consists in the double meaning; the first alludes to Fame's living on report. The second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly enquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist;
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones[2] in the kingdom.
About her neck a pacquet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed;
Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing-star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, t' other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The' one Good, the' other Evil Fame.
This tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to the' unkind Widow's ears.

[2] A whetstone was formerly fastened to notorious liars. Vide *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ii. 240. edit. 1804.

Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed Knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from the' inchanted mansion.
This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher (implements abroad
Which ladies wear) beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing; on she went
To find the Knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout Squire in the pound;
Both coupled in inchanted tether,
By further leg behind together.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands applied
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by joul:
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do to' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by' her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scoul,
And wink, and goggle, like an owl:
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him:—
'This place,' quoth she, 'they say's inchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are tied in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum;
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did belong to' a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by't.'
When Hudibras the Lady heard
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: 'Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;

The beard's th' identic beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.'
'O heavens!' quoth she, 'can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly express'd:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?'
Quoth he, 'The fortune of the war;
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.'
Quoth she, 'Those need not be asham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in battle conquer'd,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though your's be sorely lug'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and launder'd,
And cut square by the Russian standard [3].
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;

[3] Giles Fletcher, in his account of Russia, says that the Russian nobility nourish and spread their beards, to have them long and broad.

And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.'
  Quoth Hudibras, 'This thing call'd Pain,
Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phænomenas*
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since the' immortal intellect
(That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same)
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are sore and griev'd
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
That mice (as histories relate)
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postic parts, without his feeling;
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?'
  Quoth she, 'I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,

Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage
With pain no med'cine can assuage.'
Quoth he, 'That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what's more hon'rable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of, by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about, to' o'ercome,
In the' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons;
But if they dare engage to' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.
'The' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship with a blow.
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus[4], when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, to' a jelly:

[4] *Negus.*] The King of Ethiopia.

That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil;
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado
Will run away from his own shadow:
And though I'm now in durance fast
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by the enemy us'd;
In close *catasta* [5] shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To the' earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.'
Quoth she, 'You 'ave almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.
Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:
The' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same.
No Indian prince has to his palace
More followers, than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave,
What glories must a whipping have?

[5] *Catasta.*] A cage or prison, in which the Romans locked up their slaves that were to be sold.

Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail:
For if I thought your natural talent
Of passive courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.'
  When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard.
Thought he, this is the lucky hour;
Wines work when vines are in the flower:
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the quest'on.
  ' Madam, what you would seem to doubt
Shall be to all the world made out;
How I've been drub'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it:
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you;
And if I fail in love or troth,
Be you the winner, and take both.'
  Quoth she, ' I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to balk your wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you by' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.'
  Quoth Hudibras, ' 'Tis a capritch
Beyond the' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns

To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment,
But being against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fault.'
  Quoth she, 'If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In love and preaching, that must sway.'
  Quoth he, 'To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,

My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup.
Command me to p—ss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hectoring kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
To' a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
To' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
'Twas he made Emperors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And flux'd the House of many a burgess;
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation;
And all the grandees o' th' Cabal
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.
He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,
And take the ring at Madam ——[6].
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to,

[6] Stennet was the name dashed, (says Sir Roger L'Estrange.) Her husband was by profession a broom-man, and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen. *Key to Hudibras.*

In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her,
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.'
Quoth she, 'If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before, to' abhor it.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'These sad effects
Spring from your Heathenish neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns,
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts:
Some with the devil himself in league grow,
By's representative, a Negro.
'Twas this made vestal-maid love sick,
And venture to be buried quick:
Some by their fathers and their brothers
To be made mistresses and mothers.
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lacquies, and *valets des chambres*;

Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.'
Quoth she, 'These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secresy in love.'
Says he, 'There is a weighty reason
For secresy in love, as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the window-eye does steal in
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally' as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief, that stole
And drag'd beasts backward into's hole [7];
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace to' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary' Albertus [8].'

[7] Alluding to the story of Cacus, who pilfered from Hercules.
[8] Albertus Magnus wrote a book '*De Secretis Mulierum.*'

Quoth she, 'I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.'
Thought he, 'I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.'
'I grant,' quoth he, 'wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are outdone:
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second hand;

And such you are: nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please,
Or make it o'er in trust to the' devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.'
Quoth she, 'I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or soun'ing,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet they're the only ways to prove
The' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And like a water-witch try love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:

Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desperate as a neck:
Beside, the' experiment's more certain;
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it every day
(Eight to the week) for sixpense pay;
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves, in cheating fools;
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
This is the way I advise you to;
Trust me, and see what I will do.'
  Quoth she, 'I should be loth to run
Myself all the' hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some deed
Of your's aforesaid do precede:
Give but yourself one gentle swing,
For trial, and I'll cut the string;
Or give that reverend head a maul
Or two, or three, against a wall,
To show you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myself to settle.'
  Quoth he, 'My head's not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
Nor, like the Indian's skull, so tough,
That authors say, 'twas musket-proof;
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet, on any new adventure.
You see what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me Luck, it shall be done.'

Quoth she, 'The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; two words to' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
To' your conversation, mien, or person,
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love:
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.'
Quoth he, 'My faith, as adamantine
As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain:
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love or you shake off my heart;
The sun, that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots and flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing;
Drink every letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk champaign become.
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;

Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye;
And when you frown upon it, die:
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive,
And like to heralds' moons remain,
All crescents, without change or wane.'
'Hold, hold,' quoth she, 'no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your Mastery of Art
Doth show itself, and not your heart:
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian.
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
To' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gouts*, *boullies*, or *ragouts*:
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes, rather than her mouth:
Her mouth, compar'd to' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.

The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heaven above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
The' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung;
That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst:
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way to' attack me with your Muse.

As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With Fulhams [9] of poetic fiction;
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry-diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold gaol,
In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
To' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the married brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation, meet?'—
Quoth she, 'What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be the' yoke-fellow of your wit;

[9] Fulhams was a cant term for false dice.

Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.'
'That conscience,' quoth Hudibras,
'Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be alienated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.'
Quoth she, 'I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spur'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.'
Quoth he, 'It stands me much upon
To' enervate this objection,

And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's aver'd
To be the cause of loss of beard,
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament,
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horse,
Than I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail:'—
  Quoth she, 'That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write, men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
By' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down to' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
By' experiment 'tis so or no.'
  Quoth he, 'If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.'

'That never shall be done,' quoth she,
'To one that wants a tail, by me;
For tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament;
And though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one;
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms
Than your's, on any other terms.'
Quoth he, 'What Nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye 've yet denied to give
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give it's poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge or mainprize, grant
Delivery from this base restraint.'
Quoth she, 'I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,

And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames by gaol-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too;
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course
That might be' unwholesome to your spurs:
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd to' untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;

In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance:
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
Tutress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown:
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'rable discharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town:
And all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a whipping on,
(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't)
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie [10].
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me on oath a fair account,
And honour too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.

[10] The following couplet, from the earlier editions, may best explain the meaning of this substitution.

I here engage to be your bail,
And free you from the' unknightly jail.

If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
'A Persian emperor [11] whip'd his grannam,
The sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence some reverend men approve
Of rosemary [12] in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toast of bits of ribbon?
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
And spell names over with beer-glasses?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguish jests upon ye?
For lilies limn'd on cheeks and roses,
With painted perfumes hazard noses?
Or, venturing to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lantern?

[11] Xerxes.
[12] A pun on *ros marinus*, or sea-dew.

All this you may compound for now,
By suffering what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha [13] do so
For the Infanta Del Toboso?
Did not the' illustrious Bassa [14] make
Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?
Was not young Florio [15] sent (to cool
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And though a grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Tied him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide, as if she 'ad rid post;
And after in the Sessions-court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?—
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from the' enchanted den,
And the magician's circle, clear.'
Quoth he, 'I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine!'
'Amen!' quoth she; 'then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out,

[13] Alluding to Don Quixote's intended penance on the mountain.

[14] Alluding to Scudery's romance of 'Ibrahim, the illustrious Bassa;' translated by Cogan in 1674.

[15] Another French, or perhaps Italian, romance supposed.

But ere an artist could be found
To' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low and left the skies,
Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade)
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light;
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use to' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the wearied world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance, till the morn,
Our votary thought it best to' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste; but rather stay,
And do't in the' open face of day:
And, in the mean time, go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

PART II. CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases:
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument:
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute, and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Lully.
So the' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body,
That *bonum* is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl;

In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect aver'd.
All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath,
Had like to' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
Resolving to dispatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed:
But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling;
And after many circumstances
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got (with much ado) to horse,
And to the Castle bent their course,
In which he to the Dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stop'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;

'Whether it be direct infringing
An oath[1], if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear forbear,
And so by' equivocation swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn, than act the thing;
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
To inform Conscience, be discust;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go.'
Quoth Ralpho, 'Since you do injoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
The' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis; "Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn forswear."
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan[2],

[1] This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to oaths; what equivocations and evasions they made use of, to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest. Archbishop Bramhall says, 'That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told,' says he, 'that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: No! How then? Surely according to the interpretation of devils.'

[2] Alluding to the outrages committed upon each other by the clans in Scotland.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing;
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble
In literal fray 's abominable:
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is't not enough we 're bruis'd and kicked,
With sinful members of the Wicked;
Our vessels, that are sanctified,
Profan'd, and curried back and side;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And Heathen stripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it:
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second;
" That Saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,"
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.

Although your Church be opposite
To ours, as Black-friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a Reformado-saint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the Devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth; why the Saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why:
Else he 'as a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We 're not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely, at all to swear;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain:
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence [3]:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word;
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles' acts is.

[3] When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, 'That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels.'

Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke [4]?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us, first from both
The' Alleg'ance and Suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation,
To take, and break the Protestation?
To swear, and after to recant,
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take the' Engagement [5], and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the King's safety, and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex [6], and straight laid him by?

[4] A sneer upon many of the members of the assembly of divines, who had taken two several oaths to maintain that Church government, which the Covenant obliged them to extirpate.

[5] By the Engagement, every man was to swear to be true and faithful to the Government established, without a King or House of Peers.

[6] The two Houses voted that the Earl of Essex should be General of their Army, and that they would live and die with him. They afterwards cashiered him of his command.

If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For Privilege of Parl'ament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole housefull
Of Peers [7], as dangerous and unuseful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till the' Army turn'd them out of door [8].
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which every one
Is bound to' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have such a tie?

[7] This they literally did, after the King was beheaded.

[8] Alluding to the seclusion of the greatest part of the members in 1648.

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint's of the' heavenly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forg'ry,
And false, th' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the Book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions [9] of course;
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them by private
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear;
Their Gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red
As that of breaking Priscian's [10] head,
(The head and founder of their order,
That stirring hats held worse than murder)

[9] A satire on the liberty taken by the Parliament officers, of varying from their commission, on pretence of private instructions.

[10] Alluding to their use of *thou* for *you*. Priscian was a noted grammarian.

These thinking they're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who if they 'ave not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still:
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born Consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil;
For Saints may do the same things by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's exprest;
So in the Wicked there's no vice
Of which the Saints have not a spice:
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in t' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?
She's of the wicked, as I guess,
By' her looks, her language, and her dress;
And though, like constables, we search
For false wares one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due [11].
The truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.'

[11] This was an old popish doctrine; *Nulla fides servanda Hæreticis.*

Quoth Hudibras, 'All this is true;
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense,
Serve best with the' Wicked for pretence;
Such as the learned Jesuits use,
And Presbyterians, for excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus; A breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be *ex parte* of the maker,
More criminal than the' injur'd taker:
For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow,
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it.
A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
As sound to' all purposes of troth;
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, till they're broken have no force.
What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no power, but to admonish;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make 'em such.
Beside, no' engagement is allow'd
By men in prison made for good;
For when they're set at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too set free.
The Rabbins write, "When any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,

Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:'
And have not two Saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of Conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and soveran,
Is't fit should be subordinate
To every petty court i' th' state;
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder [12]?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio?*
Be forc'd to' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at *vis. franc.* pledge [13]?
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nu'sance;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no power at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?
Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return;
And make as nice distinction serve
To split a case, as those that carve,

[12] A pie-powder court is still held in Smithfield during Bartholomew fair, to redress disorders committed therein

[13] *Visus franciplegii:* a pledge or surety for freedom.

Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
Is not the' High-court of Justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned Counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy;
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their lives for them!
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by Oath and Conscience.
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance, play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The same case several ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale
Will several different courses sail;
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrann'cal usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.

Does not in Chancery every man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses,
And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in Conscience they're straight-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your Juries give their verdict
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please, make matter o' fact
Run all on one side, as they're packt?
Nature has made man's breast no windows,
To publish what he does within doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own business, why they shou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an Oath makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly
To the' Wicked, though they' evince the Godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,
And wits are crackt to find out why.'
Quoth Ralpho, 'Honour's but a word
To swear by, only in a Lord:

In other men, 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.'
'Let it,' quoth he, 'be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.'
'Though nice and dark the point appear,'
Quoth Ralph, 'it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place
Of suffering Saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence, many times,
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New-England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd:—In a town
There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious Brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,

Against the articles in force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang the' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.—
Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
And in your room another whip'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.'
'It is enough;' quoth Hudibras,
'Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
And canst, in Conscience, not refuse,
From thy own Doctrine to raise Use.
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stop'd.'
Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter;
For, in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French achés;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:

And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boy's breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'That's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.'
Quoth Ralpho, 'That we may swear true,
'T were properer that I whip'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do;
For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
As, ere we part, I shall evince it;
And curry (if you stand out) whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art?
To higgle thus for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse,

Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for the' int'rest of the Churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.'
'Ye 'ad best,' quoth Ralpho, 'as the Ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, ye're like to reap;
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,
I should make bold to turn again;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
Is't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?
A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you (not for fear,
But for your own sake) to forbear,
And for the Churches, which may chance,
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
Trepan'd your Party with intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd the' Army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;
Made a mere utensil o' your Church,
And after left it in the lurch;

A scaffold to build up our own,
And when we 'ad done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd [14] you Rabbins of the Synod,
And snap'd their Canons with a Why-not;
(Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard)
Their Classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten,
On which they 'ad been so long a sitting;
Decried it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date and obsolete,
And all the Saints of the first grass,
As castling foals of Balaam's ass.'
At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire:—
'Have I,' quoth he, 'been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more consid'rable and handsome,
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart Sect'ry, and a mongrel;
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,
And, like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour;

[14] *Capoch'd* signifies *hooded*, or *blindfolded*.

It never shall be done or said :'—
With that he seiz'd upon his blade :
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd,
To draw and stand upon his guard ;
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din ;
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand ;
And by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright ;
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle ;
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating.
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage ;
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the sight appear'd in view
They found it was an antique shew ;

A triumph that, for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some, mistaken, write in story)
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, 'Hey for our town,' through the Borough:
So when this triumph drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat
In all respects, as this and that.
First, he that led the cavalcade
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellet,
On which he blew as strong a levet
As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehand stag,
A Cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave;
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling, broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine,
In windy weather, when they whine.

Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Tied to the pummel of a long sword
He held reverst, the point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a rawbon'd steed,
The conqueror's Standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Set face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome,
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastiz'd the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whiffiers, and staffiers on foot,
With lackeys, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago minx,
That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
The Knight, transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire;

And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His an'madversions, for his heart.
Quoth he, 'In all my life, till now
I ne'er saw so profane a show;
It is a Paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention;
And he who made it had read Goodwin [15],
Or Ross [16], or Cælius Rhodogine,
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians:
For as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Entering the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
So this insulting female brave
Carries, behind her here, a slave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in field defied the foe,
Hung out their mantles *de la guerre*,
So her proud Standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And, as in antique triumphs, eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues;

[15] Goodwin wrote an Exposition of Roman Antiquities.
[16] Alexander Ross published many tracts, and among them 'Arcana Microcosmi.'
Ib. Ludovious Cælius Rhodiginus. printed 'Antiquæ Lectiones,' and was master to the elder Scaliger.

There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.'
Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter;
For all the' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course,
When 'the grey mare's the better horse;'
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drub'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert-baron [17],
To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels:
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by the' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with baton
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune.
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;

[17] Covert-baron is the state of a woman under the power of her husband.

But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender ere the' assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all the' adversity of success;
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like Dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From the' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.'
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
To' attack the leader, and still press'd,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:

Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
'What means,' quoth he, 'this dev'l's procession
With men of orthodox profession?
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned Beast astride,
Like this proud Dame; who either is
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholden.
Women [18], who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid we 'd all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the Cause might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Their husbands' cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the Saints' and Churches' parts;

[18] The women were zealous contributers to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howe observes, 'That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war.—And some sort of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and ear-rings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized.'

Drew several Gifted Brethren in,
That for the Bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands rob'd, and made hard shifts
To' administer unto their Gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rub'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edified their zeal
With marrow-puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points, to eat;
And cram'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
To' intrench the City for defence in:
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the' Enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster-wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fall'n to their pick-axes, and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles.
Have not the handmaids of the City
Chose of their Members a Committee,
For raising of a common purse,
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as Tryers sit,
To judge what officers are fit[19]?

[19] 'The House considered, in the next place, that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities;

Have they'—At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
But beard and slime being of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode,
Let fly on t'other side a load,
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's face another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smother'd with his stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clap'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
And straight another, with his flambeau,
Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to't,

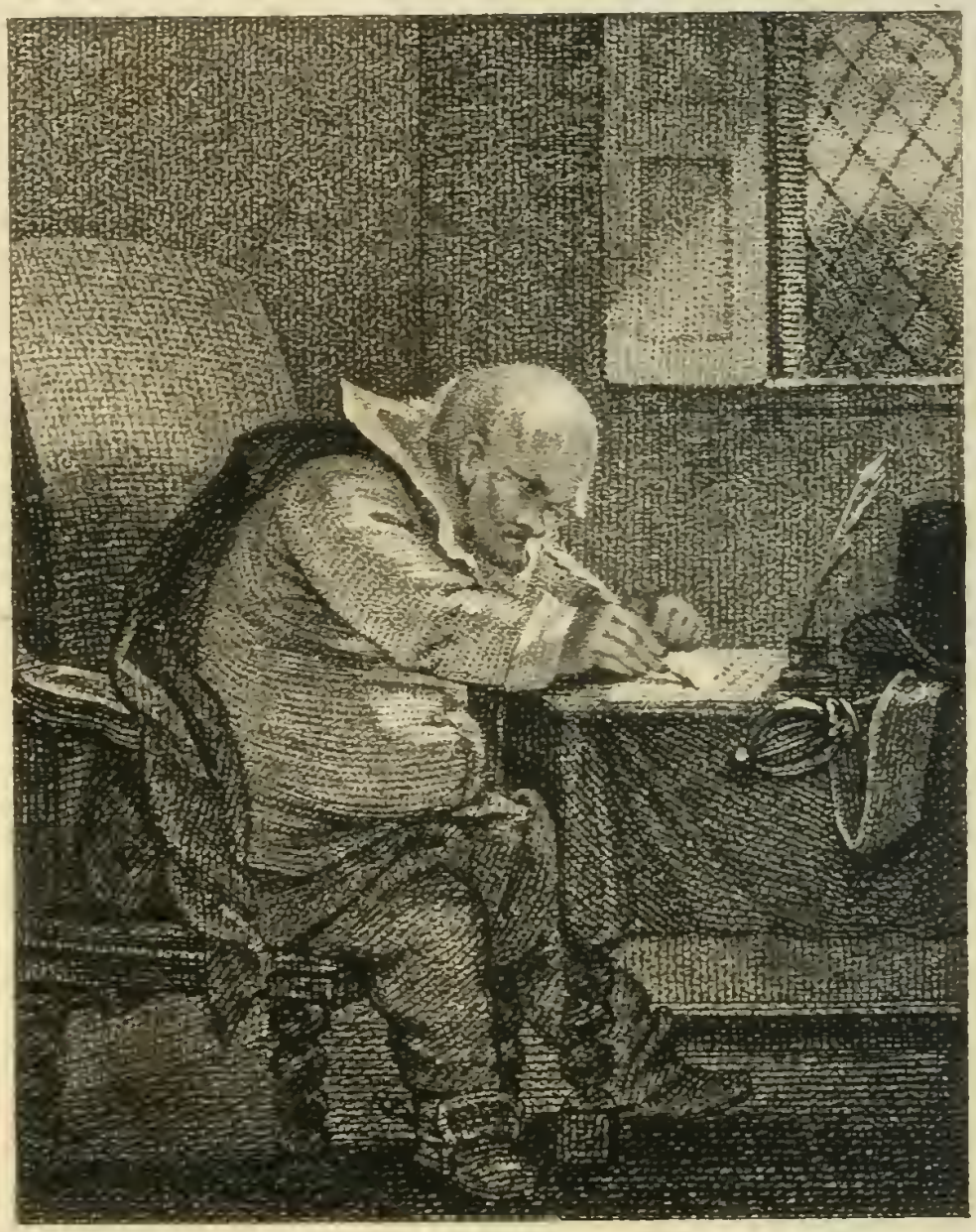
and, to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the business.' *Parliament of Ladies*, 1647.

And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or discourse:
  Quoth he, 'That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes;
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishon'rable a foe:
For though the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,
Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath;
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush:
But as those poltroons that fling dirt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led;
Than which the Ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart:

And as such homely treats, (they say)
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
Was destin'd to the empire for't;
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?—
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.'

END OF VOL. I.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.



BUTLER's
Hudibras's Epistle to his Lady.
Vol. II.

Painted by H. Singleton *Engraved by P.W. Tomkins.*

Published 1st Jan.y 1806 by John Sharpe, Piccadilly.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,

Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1812.

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HUDIBRAS.

PART II. CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
To know the Dest'nies' resolution;
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.
  Some with a noise and greasy light
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And though it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice to' an organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
And while their purses can dispute,
There's no end of the' immortal suit.
Others still gape to' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be:
And as those vultures do forbode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old aruspicy, and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Presag'd the' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
Though cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than those that with the stars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll shew:
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his steed again,
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
Upon his beast, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
To' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward man to justle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue;

Or if his Squire or he should fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love:
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;
And that he durst not now, for shame,
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.
Quoth he, 'In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That every way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about:
For though the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted gaol,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain:
So though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over:
And when I shall appear in court
To plead my cause, and answer for't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,

To show, by evident record,
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word;
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demur'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd to' a Knight o' th' Post?
Beside, that stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And justify I have a tail;
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And solve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Dest'nies take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her, and her fortune,
I'd go no further in this courtship,
To hazard soul, estate, and worship:
For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.'
Quoth Ralph, 'Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel[1],
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the Moon sells,
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair:
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out o' the way;

[1] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacs foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need the' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discovery flock, or curing.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and should like it well;
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
To go to sorcerers when they need 'em.'
Says Ralpho, 'There's no doubt of that;
Those principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For as there is a war between
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for setting above ground.

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceast
Of griefs unnatural, as he guest;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech [2].
Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' Cause's service, prisoner?
As Wither [3] in immortal rhyme
Has register'd to after-time.
Do not our great Reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i' th' air?

[2] Hopkins, a noted witch-finder, is said to have brought threescore suspected witches to the grave in one year; till some gentleman, out of indignation at his barbarity, subjected him to the water-ordeal he had inflicted on others.

[3] Wither was a puritanical officer in the Parliament army; which made his poetry decried, without rhyme or reason, by Sir John Denham, Anthony Wood, and other outrageous loyalists.

Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the Close Committee would[4]?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Protestation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal stars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?'
Quoth Hudibras, 'The case is clear
The Saints may' employ a conjurer,
As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are best of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound gymnosophist,
And as the Fates and he advise,
Pursue, or wave this enterprise.'
This said, he turn'd about his steed,
And eftsoons on the' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the conjurer turn our style,
To let our reader understand
What's useful of him before hand.

[4] The Parliament took a sure way to secure all prophecies, prodigies, and almanack-reports from stars, in favour of their own designs, by appointing a license themselves, and prohibiting the sale of all such books if unlicensed. Booker was their astrological agent.

He had been long tow'rds mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again.
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his natural parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted [5].
The' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't, to be true;
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;

[5] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

Ib.] Robert Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, *A. D.* 1235. 'He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime (Butler's notes observe) he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome.' But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him, (both personally, and by letter,) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy.

Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in the' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's [6] prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
And all the' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Lescus [7] and the' Emperor, would tell ye:
But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanack well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear,
That some believ'd he had been there;
Knew when she was in fittest mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing scabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
And in what sign best cider's made;
Whether the wane be, or increase,
Best to set garlic, or sow pease;
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary spheres;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their several strengths by sea and land;
What factions they'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:

[6] Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chemistry. &c.

[7] Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

With what designs and interests
Each party manages contests.
He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no;
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
Tell what her d'ameter to' an inch is,
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
It would demonstrate, that the man in
The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That stands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs mistake;
How large a gulf his tail composes,
And what a goodly bay his nose is;
How many German leagues by the' scale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
Without the' expense of cheese or bacon.
With lutestrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or p—ng;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to the' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh;
Chase evil sp'rits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint;

Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With sympathetic gunpowder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew, would own.
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd slates are best to make,
On wat'ry surface, duck or drake;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
Whether a pulse beat in the black
List of a dappled louse's back;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath, or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain assay'd so long agone;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
And not an elephant's proboscis;
How many different specieses
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeses;
And which are next of kin to those
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in place of zany serv'd,

Hight Whachum [8], bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps;
To squander paper, and spare ink,
Or cheat men of their words, some think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high advancement rise,
To be an under-conjurer,
Or journeyman-astrologer:
His business was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own keys unriddle;
To make them to themselves give answers,
For which they pay the necromancers;
To fetch and carry' intelligence
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all discoveries disperse
Among the' whole pack of conjurers;
What cut-purses have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem,
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and the' art repute;
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
And find out all by rules of art:
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With clothes or money away, is gone;

[8] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a foolish Welshman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one *Richard Green*, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his master
In quality of poetaster,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To every month i' th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sowgelder with safety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate, if they will;
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
To' advance his master's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into doggrel rhymes his spells:
Which over every month's blank page
I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.
He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress, eating a black-pudding;
And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It puft him with poetic rapture.
His sonnets charm'd the' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:

A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood tied up to poetry;
No porter's burden pass'd along,
But serv'd for burden to his song:
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
Breeds business for heroic verse,
Which none does hear but would have hung,
To' have been the theme of such a song.
  Those two together long had liv'd,
In mansion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor house could bar
The free detection of a star;
And nigh an ancient obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk[9],
On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy saws, concerning
The worth of astrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he fasten'd telescope,
The spectacles with which the stars
He reads in smallest characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarsel of a kite;

[9] Lilly says, that Fisk was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham, in Suffolk; was bred at a country-school, and designed for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Colchester; after which he came to London, and practised there.

The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At the' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear:
This Sidrophel by chance espied,
And with amazement staring wide,
'Bless us!' quoth he, 'what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations;
Nor those that drawn for signs have been
To the' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural,
Unless it be that cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the shade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a star.'
This said, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,

And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Against the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping through,—'Bless us!' quoth he,
'It is a planet, now, I see;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And further leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common;
And can no less than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through perspective, more wistfully,
When, by mischance, the fatal string,
That kept the towering fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the star. 'Well shot!'
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
He 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more subtile witted,
Cried out, 'What horrible and fearful
Portend is this, to see a star fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick [10],
And some of us find out by magic:

[10] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things out of the pulpit, to the destruction

Then since the time we have to live
In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.'
  This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion;
Whom he discovering, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
  ' Whachum,' quoth he, ' look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:
The one's the learned Knight; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.'
Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness
To' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
He held a stirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:
He ask'd him ' Whence they came; and whither
Their bus'ness lay?' Quoth Ralpho, ' Hither.'
' Did you not lose'—Quoth Ralpho, ' Nay.'
Quoth Whachum, ' Sir, I meant your way?
Your Knight'—Quoth Ralpho, ' is a lover,
And pains intolerable doth suffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards:'

of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russel, in Cambridgeshire.

'What time?'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung.'—
Quoth he, 'I meant what time o' th' day 'tis;'
Quoth Ralpho, 'Between seven and eight 'tis.'
'Why then,' quoth Whachum, 'my small art,
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great estate.'—Quoth Ralph, 'A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.'
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception;
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded the' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: 'What was't,'
Quoth he, 'that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?'—
Quoth Whachum, 'Venus you retriev'd,
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign or friendly stars
To' allay the effect.' Quoth Wizard, 'So!
In Virgo? Ha!'—Quoth Whachum, 'No:'
'Has Saturn nothing to do in it?'
'One tenth of's circle to a minute!'
''Tis well,' quoth he—'Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a scheme and face of heaven,
As the' aspects are dispos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.'

Quoth Hudibras, ‘ If I appear
Unseasonable, in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hop’d
Assistance from, and come to use;
’Tis fit that I ask your excuse.’
‘ By no means, sir,’ quoth Sidrophel,
‘ The stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your business too.’
Quoth Hudibras, ‘ Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe’er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe’er unlikely or absurd.’
‘ You are in love, sir, with a widow,’
Quoth he, ‘ that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion, without drawing bit;
And now your business is to know
If you shall carry her or no.’
Quoth Hudibras, ‘ You’re in the right,
But how the devil you come by’t
I can’t imagine; for the stars
I’m sure, can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on ’em) tell you more
Than the oracle of sieve and sheers,
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the devil’s of your counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And ’tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.’
Quoth Sidrophel, ‘ If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,

I might suspect, and take the' alarm,
Your business is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology;
But for the devil, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.'
Quoth he, 'Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy;
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itself more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount,
And to their incantation stoop;
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which every almanack can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourself—then, friend, I doubt
You go the furthest way about.
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in the' earth to p— in,

And straight resolves all questions by't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosycrucian way's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a several gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the nose, with fumes, trapan 'em,
As Dunstan [11] did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose and answer to
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.
Kelly [12] did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone;
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.

[11] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury, *anno* 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint.

[12] This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass, or a round stone like a crystal.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor; and the cur
Read to the' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain—
All other sciences are vain.'
To this, quoth Sidrophello; 'Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would show tricks
For the' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, and yet no devil;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.
As for the Rosycross philosophers,
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster[13],
And Apollonius their master,
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'Alas! what is't t' us
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, although Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;

[13] Zoroaster has been commonly reputed the first inventor of Magic.

And as he eats his sons, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman [14], scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient kings in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.'
Quoth Sidrophel, 'It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Because you understand not why;
(As Averrhois [15] play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or risings, seat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the histories of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by' astrologers, soothsayers,

[14] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor. John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, colonel and vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scott, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Fra. Vere. Colonel John Jones, a serving-man. Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

[15] An Arabian physician, who lived at Cordova in Spain.

Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks?
The Median Emperor [16] dreamt his daughter
Had p— all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches;
And did not soothsayers expound it,
As after by the' event he found it?
When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And, in resentment of his slaughter,
Look'd pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having, by' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy to' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have so much pow'r,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?

[16] Astyages, King of Media. See Herodotus.

Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful Art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can speak the' events of our presages.
Have we not lately in the Moon,
Found a new world, to the' old unknown;
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?'
Quoth Hudibras, 'You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxag'ras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
The' opinion, suffer'd banishment.
'But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?

What science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native nations?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than they are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour with less wit?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if we' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and prophecy;
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas [17].
Tell me but what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws

[17] Domingo Gonsales wrote a Voyage to the Moon, and pretended to be carried thither by geese in Spanish ganzas. See Turkish Spy, vol. v.

The full-moon ever, but the half?
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff[18];
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote,
You may know something more remote.'
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
'Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature, we our doctrine found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.

[18] Jacob's staff is a mathematical instrument for taking heights and distances.

Were the stars only made to light
Robbers and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers solacing behind doors,
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears
Of rebel-saints and perjurers,
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any' inferior concern?
Were they not during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth,
And therefore probably must know
What is, and hath been done below?
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whose livery does the coachman wear [19]?
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.

[19] Alluding to Charles's Wain: seven stars in the constellation Ursa Major, of which Bootes is called the driver.

Plato denied the world can be
Govern'd without geometry,
(For money being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale;
In all the' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much less can it be without
Divine astrology made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heaven's above the earth.'
'These reasons,' quoth the Knight, 'I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the learned use
Upon this subject to produce;
And yet they're far from satisfactory,
To' establish and keep up your factory.
The' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
Shifted his setting and his rise;
Twice has he risen in the west,
As many times set in the east;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the ground;
As sage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the sun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat
Above the sun himself in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,

That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The sun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
And he that had so little shame
To vent such fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the rod much more,
That durst upon a truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardon believ'd great states depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That as she whisk'd it tow'rds the sun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true bears have no tails.
Some say the Zodiac constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique stations
Above a sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirm'd the Trigons chop'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, though the art were true, would make
Our modern soothsayers mistake,
And is one cause they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than the' old Chaldean conjurers,
In so many' hundred thousand years;
Beside their nonsense in translating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,

Like Idus and Calendæ, Englisht
The Quarter-days [20], by skilful linguist;
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;
Make them the constellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes.
Some towns, some cities, some for brevity
Have cast the' versal world's nativity,
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox:
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's first aspéct
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,

[20] Supposed to be a banter on Fanshaw's translation of Horace. Exod. ii. 69, 70.

In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all the' emergencies of life:
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick;
Married his punctual dose of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave;
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and manslayer:
As if men from the stars did suck
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vented here among the rabble,
For stable goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In the' other world to be restored.'
Quoth Sidrophel, 'To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too;
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose,
I will (although I've done't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,

And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forgot befel you,
By way of horary inspection,
Which some account our worst erection.'
With that he circles draws, and squares,
With ciphers, astral characters;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, 'This scheme of the' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a Maypole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well.
And though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle;
And handled you like a fop-doodle.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I now perceive
You are no conjurer, by your leave:
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.'
'Not true!' quoth he: 'howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify 't to your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd to a Frenchman by my art;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and Caldes'd ye like a blockhead;
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I do believe
That argument's demonstrative:
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches;

For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony, and at the Sessions
Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration [21] of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.'
Quoth Sidrophel, 'I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.'
'Huffer!' quoth Hudibras, 'this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay
Lest he and Whachum run away.'
But Sidrophel, who from the' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.

[21] The vibration of a pendulum was a device intended to settle a certain measure all the world over.

This being resolv'd; he spied, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Quoth Hudibras, 'The stars determine
You are my prisoners, base vermine!
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows;
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,

Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.'
This said in haste, in haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him to' erect
A figure for, and so detect;
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers[22],
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones[23],
And several constellation-stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade;
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqueror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,

[22] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelhorn*, a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her, so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

[23] Napier's bones or rods, were contrived by the celebrated Napier of Merchiston, for the purpose of facilitating certain arithmetical operations.

Straight cast about to over-reach
The' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at least, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
And as a fox, with hot pursuit
Chas'd through a warren, casts about
To save his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung;
And while the dogs run underneath,
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms justling in his brain,
As learn'd philosophers give out;
So Sidrophello cast about
And fell to's wonted trade again,
To feign himself in earnest slain:
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
And seeming in his breast to smother
A broken sigh; quoth he, 'Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Through so immense a space so soon?
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
And plunder'd all we had to lose;
Look, there he is, I see him now,
And feel the place I am run through:
And there lies Whachum by my side
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh! oh!'—with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stop'd his breath,
And to the life out-acted death;
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, 'He has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firk
To carry on the Public Work;
Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
And their Conventions prov'd high places;
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their reverend Parsons, to my beard;
For all which scandals, to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve freeholders to be scan'd,
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the Session,
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;

And that will disengage my Conscience
Of the' obligation, in his own sense:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means denied,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.'
This being resolv'd; with equal speed
And conduct he approach'd his steed,
And, with activity unwont,
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
Which once achiev'd, he spur'd his palfry,
To get from the' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE[1]

OF

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.——

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your scull,
As often as the moon's at full;
'Tis not amiss, ere y'are giv'n o'er,
To try one desperate med'cine more:

[1] This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said (in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706) to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which occasioned this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who is said to have made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon; which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See Poem, intitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, vol. iii.

For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Prynne's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucified, compare;
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in every crowd;
As loud as one that sings his part
To' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had stun'd,
And torn your drumheads with the sound)
And 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be possest,
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what course
'Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?

Nor putting pigs to' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mungrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues,
Of trying sound from rotten eggs:
Your several new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected saps:
Recovering shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment;
And, like your whimsied chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows;
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye,
Into the' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade by' a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't,

And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad naturals?
But still the more you strive to' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, though ye 'ave purchas'd to your name
In history, so great a fame [2];
That now your talent's so well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That every strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your German scale—
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of every lie.
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account;
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.

[2] These two lines seem to indicate that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable.

Alas! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise;
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have tried that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone:
And all the best that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire to' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made,
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r
To' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings to' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit;
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns, with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream, their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,

And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
When only by themselves they're hind'red,
For trusting those they made her kindred,
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The damsels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever died
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong into' Elysium,
Through the' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
The amorous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight could be no news,
With all mankind so much in use,
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his amours,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
  No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all the' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again to' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held the' achievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle,

Or fly for refuge to the hostess
Of the' inns of Court, and Chancery justice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To the' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him, to the gaol,
To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befal,
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
To' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And show the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he resolv'd to' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand delivery of her heart,
Her goods, and chattles, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.

Thought he, 'the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;
But when their bones were drub'd so sore,
They durst not woo one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdued by blows their lovers felt.
So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 'ave quell'd so vast a buffalo?'
Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
To' attack the cunning-man, for plunder,
Committed falsely on his lumber;
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they should at gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be accessary;

But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind the' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation:
And therefore much about the hour
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Justice, and an unback'd jury,
The Squire concur'd to' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
To' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Just as he finish'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,

And having tied his beast to' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her:
And now began to' approach the door,
When she, who had spied him out before,
Convey'd the' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encountering, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:
'Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;
And now am come, to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear;
At least I hope so; the thing's done,
Or may I never see the sun,
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart.'
With that he shrug'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache:
But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd.
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.
'Madam,' quoth he, 'I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which, like your votary, to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;

And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.'
  Quoth she, 'I do remember once
I freed you from the' inchanted sconce,
And that you promis'd for that favour,
To bind your back to the' good behaviour;
And, for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load;
And what 'twould bear to' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love:
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
But if you have, I shall confess
Y' are honester than I could guess.'
  Quoth he, 'If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't:
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best secur'ty.'
  Quoth she, 'Some say the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In the' other world 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't:
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven;
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;

And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but prisoners on paroles.'
' For that,' quoth he, ' 'tis rational,
They may be' accomptable in all:
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed;
It follows nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past:
For oaths are the' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.'
Quoth she, ' What is it you would swear?—
There's no believing till I hear:
For till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.'
Quoth he, ' When I resolv'd to' obey
What you commanded t'other day,
And to perform my exercise,
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
To' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do't upon the place:
But as the castle is inchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stent'rophonic voice,

That roar'd far off, " Dispatch, and strip,
I'm ready with the' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
To expiate thy lingering sin;
Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake,
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, time was :" and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet the' horror of the thing was less
Than t'other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still plied as fast,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing;
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my guard and scout,
I found the' infernal cunning-man,
And the' under-witch, his Caliban,
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their hellish rage a stop;

Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageously on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himself to' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
Div'd under water, in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorcerer to engage;
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on,
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, " O hold, for pity, sir;
I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, by' a witch,
But conjur'd into' a worse caprich,
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities to' improve
Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for inchantment pass;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea-pepper;

Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry [1],
Commit fantastical advowtry;
Bewitch hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon [2];
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;
And, sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals [3];
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack off universal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pass;
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece;
To draw in fools, whose natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn."
'I pitied the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for poltroons;

[1] Dewtry or Datura, is a plant which grows in the East Indies, whose flower and seed have a peculiar intoxicating quality.

[2] Manicon is said to be a species of nightshade, which produces mania.

[3] A supposed sneer at Martin Frobisher and others, who in the time of Queen Elizabeth went on an expedition to Cathaia, and brought home ore which they took for gold, but which proved little better than coals.

For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civillest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him
About the witch with many a quest'on.
'Quoth he, "For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employ'd in all the' intrigues, and trust
Of feeble speculative lust;
Procurer to the' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;
For one predicting pimp has the' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get;
For those that do his business best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest.
Before so meriting a person
Could get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' mystery of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loos'd;

Becomes a puisne imp itself,
And is another's witch's elf:
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to the' ugly shapes
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,
Which he has varied more than witches,
Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too;
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on beans and pease
He crams in nasty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me relish for deserts,
And one by one, with shame and fear,
Lick up the candied provender.
Beside" '—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady stop'd his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
' If *half* those things,' said she, ' be true;'—
' They're *all*,' quoth he, ' I swear by you!'
' Why then,' said she, ' that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himself to the' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most,

Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you should carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
To' engage the devil on your side,
And steal, like Proserpine, your bride;
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffian;
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruise and desperate wound;
Swore you had broke and rob'd his house,
And stole his talismanic louse [4],
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and punaise,
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By the' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;

[4] In order to free any place from vermin or other noxious animal, the figure of the animal was made of a consecrated metal, in a planetary hour, and this was called the Talisman. The joke here is, that Sidrophel had made a talismanic louse to preserve himself from that vermin.

For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuosi say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done;
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove to' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours,
But that he stood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.'

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd the' outside of his eyes to white;
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast tow'rd the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:
'Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all the' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These relics of your constant lover.'
'You have provided well,' quoth she,
'I thank you, for yourself and me;
And shown your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits;
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think to' impose.'
'Why then,' quoth he, 'may hell surprise!'—
'That trick,' said she, 'will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing;
For, if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action;
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had don't;
Provided that they pass the' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.'
'Madam,' quoth he, 'your love's a million;
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
To' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you' as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.'
'I find,' quoth she, 'my goods and chattles
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?'—
'Your plighted faith,' quoth he, 'and word
You pass'd in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.'
Quoth she, 'There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clap'd up, in heav'n,

And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease;
Their business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like to' improve;
Love, that's too generous to abide
To be against its nature tied;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debar'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
To' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where the' one is but the other's bail;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to be' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's infer'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something pass'd away, and sold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low;
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and t'other part,

That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs
They' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their childrens' tenants ere they're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by the' one
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got by' implicit generation,
And general club of all the nation;
For which she's fortified no less
Than all the island, with four seas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready insolence and power,
And makes him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient villain [5],
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
Old vassals, to their ladies regent;

5 Villanage was an ancient tenure, by which the servants were obliged to perform the most slavish services for their lords.

To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land,
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckled:
A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor writ of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces,
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, to' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,

To gain the' advantage of the set,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat:
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of every one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery;
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They're in the very act, recoil—
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a separate maintenance;
And widows, who have tried one lover,
Trust none again till they 'ave made over;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them;
Whence wittiest ladies always choose
To undertake the heaviest goose:
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,

But rather trust, on tick, to' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
They' ave more punctilios and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which the' ancients wisely signified
By the' yellow manteaus of the bride:
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and cincum of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed
And lie-in, in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;

Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness being all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're sound,
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under visor-masks their talents,
And mother-wits, before their gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
When all the flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undresses
Her complaisance and gentilesses;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from the' easy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her slave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd to' eternal noise and scolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullises of ears,

And makes the volley of one tongue
For all their leathern shields too strong;
When only arm'd with noise and nails,
The female silk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats,
Like Sirens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
Or those enchanting murmurs made
By the' husband mandrake, and the wife,
Both buried, like themselves, alive.'
  Quoth he, 'These reasons are but strains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which railliers, in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from the' original, his side,
To' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dried-up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right, a bride;
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly' attracts of your's, your eyes
And face, that all the world surprise,

That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces
Are all made up of two half faces,
That, in a mathematic line,
Like those in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright us much to look upon:
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
The' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd:
But those that serve the body' alone
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at the' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How' entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses
In all the wonders she produces;
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err:
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife!
That lie, like hostages, at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;

So universal, all mankind
In nothing else is of one mind:
For in what stupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Preposterously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Though men would find such mortal feuds
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives
Than they're supplied with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths;
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend to' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' settlements;
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debar'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers,
Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all the' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.

Or what but marriage has a charm
The rage of empires to disarm?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the interests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
To' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies-errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train
The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,
But for the difference marriage makes
'Twixt wives, and ladies of the Lakes;
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth;
A privilege so sacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,
But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if the' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;

Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her the same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than every lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves to' improve:
For as, in running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post,
Yet when they're at their races' ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love;
When those who're always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudest clamours more
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen
As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:

Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of pray'rs;
Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
The' interests of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And passes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and register'd above,
To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose.
And what security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has;
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the' heav'n of a lover?'
'I grant,' quoth she, 'there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true,
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heav'n by' another way,—repentance.
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set
With greatest cunning at Piquet;
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.
For what do lovers, when they're fast
In one another's arms embrac'd,

But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And if they use their persons so,
What will they to their fortunes do?
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecstasies and flames.
For when the money's on the book [6],
And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke;
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam that's superseded:
To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once resign our pow'rs,
We 'ave nothing left we can call ours:
Our money's now become the Miss
Of all your lives and services,
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heiress yet,
By being born to lordships, get?
When, the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;

[6] The Ministers' and Clerks' fees at weddings, are ordered by the rubric to be laid upon the book with the ring.

And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use her as the dev'l does witches,
Who takes it for a special grace
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drassels
For ever may become his vassals:
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
Betrays herself, and all she' inherits;
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate love-suits,
The' effects of all your amorous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your lovesick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make address and courtship,
And with your bodies strive to worship,
That the' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's sake.
For these you play at purposes,
And love your loves with A's and B's;
For these at Beste and Ombre woo,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who shall be the ablest man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a vizor-bead;
How best to' accost us in all quarters,
To' our question-and-command new garters;
And solidly discourse upon
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:

For there's no mystery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way possible to do't
But love and oaths, and restless suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the scores
Of all your cullied past amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages enchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from executions save!
What charms, that can reverse extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellences
Of all your true or false pretences;
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much to' an hostess dowager,
Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
(For fat is wondrous apt to burn;)
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,

And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces into' your pocket.'
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste, with such a powder
That blows grew louder still and louder;
Which Hudibras, as if they 'ad been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it tried
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she who saw in what a taking
The Knight was, by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cried, 'Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
Of hospitality to' a stranger;
But, to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand sentinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.'

At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute[7];
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cried aloud, to sally:—
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortified behind a door;
That, if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in the' adventure.
Meanwhile they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again to' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till the' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what she'ad order'd execute;
Which he resolv'd in haste to' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away,
And all he' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageously invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be, underneath a table,

[7] Two famous and valiant princes of this country; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Where he lay down in ambush close,
To' expect the' arrival of his foes.
  Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his desperate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout,
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd the' enemy had storm'd;
And, after entering, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:
He therefore sent out all his senses
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Mistake for falling in a trance;
But those that trade in geomancy
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Meanwhile, the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;
And as another of the same
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the same cause had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By venturing only but to thrust
His head a span beyond his post,
By' a general of the Cavaliers
Was drag'd through a window by the' ears [6],
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
  Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,

[6] Sir Erasmus P. of P—n Castle, in Pembrokeshire, was the person so served by Col. Egerton, an officer of the Cavaliers.

As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in to' his aid:
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by the' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come to' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clap'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
'Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
By' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints;
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
'What made thee venture to betray
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?'—
'That which contracts all matches, *money!*
It was the' enchantment of her riches
That made me' apply to' your crony witches;
That in return would pay the' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience,

Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For the' hundredth part of what I earn'd.'
' Didst thou not love her then? speak true.'
' No more,' quoth he, ' than I love you.'
' How wouldst thou have us'd her and her money?'
' First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
To' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
To' a friend in trust, or private lover.'
' What made thee pick and choose her out
To' employ their sorceries about?'
' That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.'
' But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?'
' I see you take me for an ass:—
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.'
' Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?'
' That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;

Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by' a very few;
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.'
' Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?'
' Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:
A gift that is not only able,
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws empower'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near:
For no sin else, among the Saints,
Is taught so tenderly against.'
' What made thee break thy plighted vows?'—
' That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.'
Quoth he, ' I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.'
Quoth he, " If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.'

'Tis true,' quoth he, 'we ne'er come there,
Because we have let 'em out by th' year.'
'Truly,' quoth he, 'you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with the' angels of us men.'
Quoth he, 'I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.—
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?'—'A livelihood.'
'What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?'—'Great gains.'
'What's tender conscience?'—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than the' epidemical'st plague-sore.'
'What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?'—'To be paid.'
'What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?'—'A good living.'
'What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause?'—'Administ'rings.'
'What makes all doctrines plain and clear?'—
'About two hundred pounds a-year.'
'And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?'—'Two hundred more.'
'What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?'—'Food and clothes.'
'What laws and freedom, persecution?'—
'Being out of power, and contribution.'

'What makes a church a den of thieves?'—
'A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.'
'And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?'—'Our own.'
'What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And wicked, too, cry out against?'—
''Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For Saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only', and not imputed?
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.'
'What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?'—
''Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce
To the' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.'
'It is enough,' quoth he, 'for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nic Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' world for holiness.'—
This said, the Furies and the light,
In the' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Denied his bones that soft repose,
Lay still, expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words: 'Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch;
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
By sauntering still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still thou 'ast had the worse on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat:
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art denied to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.'

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling sprite
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on:—
'This 'tis to' engage with Dogs and Bears,
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory:'—
(Thought he, 'This devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies')
'Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away:'—
('I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done')
'And now, but venturing to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.'
Thought he, 'How does the devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand,
And now would pass for Spirit Po [9],
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.'
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And hastily cried out, 'What art?'—
'A wretch,' quoth he, 'whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.'
'I do believe thee,' quoth the Knight,
'Thus far I'm sure thou 'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
Condemn'd to drudgery in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in the' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
Without the raising of which sum
You dare not be so troublesome
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your business, good Pug-Robin [10],
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,

[9] Tom Po is said to have been an expression commonly used for a ghost.

[10] Robin Goodfellow was a notorious spirit.

To' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At every jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.'
'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'ye 're no such sophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' the' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you;
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contést,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.'
Quoth he, 'That may be said as true
By the' idlest pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal shores I hope
He'll swing like skippers [11] in a rope:
And if ye 'ave been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What the' ill-affected say of you;
Ye 'ave spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven paws.'

[11] In Holland a master of a ship is called a Skipper.

'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took the Covenant;
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other perjuries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't:
And that's the reason Cov'nantérs
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.'
'I see,' quoth Hudibras, 'from whence
These scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects,
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.'
'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'that may as true
And properly be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to;
You who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But must have armies rais'd to back
The Gospel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge-tools
Were the' only engines to save souls:
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
To stools, or poundage of repentance;
Is tied up only to design,
To' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'st actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Because, unless they help the elf,
He can do little of himself;
And therefore where he's best possest
Acts most against his interest;
Surprises none but those who 'ave priests
To turn him out, and exorcists,
Supplied with spiritual provision,
And magazines of ammunition;
With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of wo.king our salvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a sluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But those who're utterly unarm'd,
To' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprise,
Although his falsest enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but gaolers of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up souls;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
To' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never boggle to restore
The members you deliver o'er
Upon demand, with fairer justice,
Than all your covenanting Trustees;

Unless, to punish them the worse,
You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate, in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication;
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.'
Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he' has us in his cloven hoof.'
'"Tis true,' quoth he, 'that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours;
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay;
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown;
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther:
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all Dissenters of mankind.'
'Right,' quoth the voice, 'and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress.

And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.'
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find the' enchanted hero out,
And tried with haste to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels[12];
But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in to' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge;
The Spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
Upon the vehicle, his back,
And bore him headlong into the' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall;
Where finding out the postern lock'd,
And the' avenues as strongly block'd,
He' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Through which he drag'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by the' head and shoulders,

[12] A scheme of a cart with legs that moved instead of wheels, was brought before the Royal Society, March 4, 1662-3.

And cautiously began to scout,
To find their fellow-cattle out:
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Tied to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how!
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night, too, steal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright;
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
And in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast,
And spur'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck:
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

PART III. CANTO II[1].

ARGUMENT.

The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys,
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in the effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze[2]
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh, that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed:
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout

[1] This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The Poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament.

[2] Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some opine are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but Butler raises them from the cow.

Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own.
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable to' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same;
And yet no natural tie of blood,
Nor interest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 'ave none;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly' appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season;
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches,
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their support might be maintain'd;

Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His church and state joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,
Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every Brother, pass the deed,
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy shifts,
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man, and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,
But by their spiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on,

And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As the' Utter-barrister of Swanswick [3];
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sandbags [4] did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctified Trustees;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd to' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down [5],
And make those uses serve again
Against the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And, with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.

[3] Prynne was born at Swanswick, and used to style himself Utter-barrister; which seems to imply a champion as well as advocate. *See Mincheu in voc.*

[4] A combat in a legal way, by knights and gentlemen, was fought with sword and lance; by yeomen, with sandbags fastened to the end of a truncheon.

[5] The Independents urged the very same doctrines against the Presbyterians, which the latter had urged against the Bishops.

The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with New Light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse,
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;
Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder [6])

[6] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon in print, entitled *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon* Rom. xiii. 1, in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: 'Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but, thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin.'

'But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether, by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers?* Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, "Let every soul be subject to the *higher power*," if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one: he bids us "be subject to the higher *powers*," that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army.' Ib. p. 3.

Ib. Sir Roger L'Estrange observes upon the pretended saints of those times, That they did not set one step, in the

No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines, of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the war against
The common enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
To' attack themselves as th' had before.
For now there was no foe in arms
To' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves at home;
Who 'ad compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all they 'ad ransackt,
To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
Religion and the Government;
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but to' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are to' a sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest;

whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and, going up to inquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days.

And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts;
To' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law:
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim;
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The public business is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
They' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated:
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
But when these Brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day,
They rallied in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;

Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
To' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
And, with a pertinacy' unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started,
And as if Nature, too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
To' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were suppress;
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former tried experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling [7],
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From venturing to maintain the right,

[7] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are several remarkable instances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Capt. Reynolds, (who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, 'God bless King Charles; *Vive le Roy;*') of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it; and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called *seditious* books and pamphlets.

From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'alty in possession;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
  Toss'd in a furious hurricane
Did Oliver [8] give up his reign,
And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry [9],
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for the' apocryphal
False Heaven, at the end o' th' Hall [10];
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious relics to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
By' as orthodox a senator,

[8] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

[9] Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, who when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, 'That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time.' *Serm.* Vol. I. p. 102.

[10] After the Restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the further end of Westminster Hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.
  Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent [11],
Who first laid by the Parl'ament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state
That rode him above horseman's weight.
  And now the Saints began their reign [12],
For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd from the' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law [13],

[11] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

[12] A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon reports) 'was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years.'

[13] Dr. James Young observes, 'That two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, *anno* 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfal of both; and, in 1654, they foretold that the law should be pulled down to the ground,—the Great Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times; that the crab tree of the law

And free to' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's [14] old outgoings,
Who for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type, by Providence,
Of all their revelations since,
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures:
For when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle,
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than the' unsanctified;
While every individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crack't,
Were found the busiest to transact:
For though most hands dispatch apace
And make light work, (the proverb says)
Yet many different intellects
Are found to have contrary effects;
And many heads to' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.
Some were for setting up a king;
But all the rest for no such thing [15],

should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them.'

[14] John Buckold, Budd, or Bokelson, an anabaptist tailor of Leyden, and mock-king of Munster, was hung upon the highest tower of the city, called St. Lambert's, with two of his rebel associates.

[15] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate, *Whether a King, or no King*, said, 'That if they must have a King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England. He found no fault with his person, but office.'

Unless King Jesus [16]: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert [17];
Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety [18];

[16] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesu.

[17] Fleetwood was a Lieutenant-general, he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper-house; his salary supposed to be 6600*l.* a year.—Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70*l.* *per annum;* some say a ploughman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says: 'When your Lordship was a ploughman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others.'—Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper-house. His annual income was 3236*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Ib. Lambert was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament so called,* 1657, p. 9, observes, 'That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had 1,000*l.* *per annum;* which, with his other places, in all amounted to 6512*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*'

[18] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers;* and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators,* and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers: these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience.

Ib. The Committee of Safety was a set of men who took upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump a second time: their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted) yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

Some for the Gospel, and massacres
Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' the' Covenant:
Others for pulling down the' high places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And the' extirpation of the' Excise;
And some against the' Egyptian bondage [19]
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for Gospel-ministers,
And some for redcoat seculars,
As men most fit to' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and t'other sword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk;
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisade of Surplices [20],
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to the' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Gospel-light:

[19] There was an ordinance to abolish festivals throughout England and Wales. Die Martis, 8 Junii, 1647.

[20] When soldiers in a night-expedition put their shirts over their armour, in order to be distinguished, it was called a Camisade.

Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which the' unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb;
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still:
Some were for the' utter extirpation
Of Linsey-woolsey in the nation:
And some against all idolising
The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising:
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian or sirname of Saint,
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce [21]:
Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals [22]:
Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches [23],
While others were for eating Haunches

[21] Churches, parishes, and even the apostles were *unsainted* in the mayoralty of Alderman Pennington, and continued so till 1660. The mayor of Colchester banished one of that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643 whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

[22] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, when governor of Newcastle, without any public authority, laid a tax of 4*s.* a chaldron upon coals, which was estimated at 50,000*l.* a year.

[23] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; nay, it was debated at a council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes

Of warriors, and, now and then,
The Flesh of kings and mighty men;
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of iron, by secret ones:
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked sore afeard of.
The quacks of government (who sate
At the' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'd scap'd in war;
And therefore met in consultation,
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician [24]
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the Whores of Babylon;

[24] This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, who complied with every change in those times. See his character in Wood's Athenæ, Dryden's Achitophel, and Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors.

So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
He 'ad seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one;
Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
But barbarous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd to' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of every state,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incur'd,
Instead of hemp, to be prefer'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desperate feats he took in hand,

For when he 'ad got himself a name,
For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose;
And, when he chanc'd to' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground;
As the' earth is easiest undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners, in a state,
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a show'r of rain:
He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could, to' insure his throat,
And hither came, to' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took,
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself[25], and hang the rest.

[25] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558:

To match this Saint there was another[26],
As busy and perverse a Brother,
An haberdasher of small wares
In politics and state-affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi' Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn[27],
Could render half a grain less stubborn;

he, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that *he* was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, 'I am not the miller, but the miller's man.' The Provost told him, 'That he would take him at his word: if,' says he, 'thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel;—and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him:' and without more ceremony, he was executed.

[26] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, 'That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn.'

[27] Alluding to the cavalcade of city-sheriffs, &c. when malefactors passed through Holborn in their way to the place of execution at Tyburn.

For he at any time would hang,
For the' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer [28],
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy;
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults,
And back'd their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest;
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
To' espouse the Cause for better or worse,

[28] To picqueer seems to skirmish, as the picquet or advanced guard does, before a main army.

And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body worship'd it:
But when he found the sullen trapes
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
To' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer:
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by the' allay:
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
These two, with others, being met [29],
And close in consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state
Than with his own impatience
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.
Quoth he, 'There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead;

[29] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London.

Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others;
But in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before;
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel-church;
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—(I mean Margaret's fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd [30],
What answer was to be return'd:
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through
And understand as well to tame
As, when they serve our turns, to' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child,

[30] Alluding to the shameless impiety of those pretended saints, who frequently directed the Almighty what answers he should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called the *God-Challenger*.

But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion;
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges [31],
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown-bills, levied in the City,
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee:
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves [32],
Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit to' old iron, and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need:
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down
For pledges, to secure our own;
And freely sacrifice their ears
To' appease our jealousies and fears:
And yet for all these providences
We're offer'd, if we have our senses,

[31] To fight with rusty or poisoned weapons, was against the law of arms: so when the citizens used the former, they chalked the edges.

[32] Gleaves or glaves, are swords or falchions.

We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets;
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away:
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together;
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit;
Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, despair:
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd;
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, men;

And not so dully desperate,
To side against ourselves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And setting up exempts [33] of Saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for Independent,
To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state;
Disdain the pedantry o' the' latter:
And since "obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,"
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd to' account or quest'on:
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem;
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers to' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctified expressions;

[33] The exempt is a life-guard, free from duty. The term is still retained among the yeomanry of the King's guard.

Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity, on those that want;
And learn'd the' apocryphal bigots
To' inspire themselves with short-hand notes,
For which they scorn and hate them worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamies and Cases [34]?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield [35];
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been sainted as they are;
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In the' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the power of sacrilege [36]:
And though they 'ave tricks to cast their sins,
As easy' as serpents do their skins,

[34] Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

[35] He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 400*l*. though, when printed, the price was but threepence.

[36] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible, they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

That in a while grow out again,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the most refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow miscreants
As barnacles turn soland geese [37]
In the' islands of the Orcades.
Their Dispensation's but a ticket
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom the greatest difference
Lies more in words and show, than sense:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerberus! wears three heads as well;
And if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated sots
In fever still, like other goats;
For though the Whore bends heretics
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our Schismatics so vastly differ,
The' hotter they are they grow the stiffer;
Still setting off their sp'ritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:
For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of Dependences;

[37] According to vulgar tradition, there are trees in the Orcades of Scotland, which bear barnacles that become Soland geese.

Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloodybones;
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs [38],
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience.
Or zealous suffering for the Cause,
To gain one groat's-worth of applause;
For, though endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by the' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold,

[38] These were two opposite factions in Italy that engaged against each other in the thirteenth century; one on the side of the Emperor, the other of the Pope.

And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But though no power of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hopes
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while?
At least until they 'd a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies?
'This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up to' as reprobate a nonsense
As sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only' of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials
Of their incroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our interests and commands
Perfidiously, out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd,
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of Father Belial:
And yet for all the' inhuman wrong,
They 'ad done us, and the Cause so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work still, as we had begun;

But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps
Our ears, for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our vessels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true;
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cause, against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men;
Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same:
And till they first began to cant[39],
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy,
Although 'twas ours, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon:
And yet for all this Gospel-union,
And outward show of Church-communion,
They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of ruling church or state affairs,

[39] From Andrew Cant and his son Alexander, seditious preaching and praying in Scotland was called *Canting*.

Nor give us leave to' absolve, or sentence
To' our own conditions of repentance,
But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
We had so painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, though against the grain,
To' have calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we 'ave done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend to' a share,
At least, in carrying on the' affair:
But whether that be so or not,
We 'ave done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if we 'ad don't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For if it be but half denied,
'Tis half as good as justified.
The world is naturally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong;

As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles;
And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desperate than their first accesses,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part:
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;
Trepan'd the state, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we, now we 're better verst?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our Discipline;
To which it was reveal'd long since
We were ordain'd by Providence,
When three Saints' ears, our predecessors [40],
The Cause's primitive confessors,

[40] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, three notorious ring-leaders of faction, at the beginning of the Rebellion.

B'ing crucified, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by six, express'd
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this Work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What Churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their warehouses;
Who, when the Cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;
And daily' increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Usury:
Can fetch in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From the' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribbons, down
To all blue aprons in the Town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With coronets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better tied
With oaths and trade, than any side;

Has one considerable improvement
To double fortify the Cov'nant;
I mean our Cov'nant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land,
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions:
Our best reserve for Reformation,
When new Outgoings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) to' assert;
And when they 've pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try the' expedient:
Who can already muster friends
To serve for members to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-folly congregation [41];
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
To' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
And order matters underhand,
To put all business to a stand;
Lay public bills aside, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament;

[41] L'Estrange observes, that a meeting-house was built by one Fisher, a shoemaker, which at the Restoration was pulled down by some of the loyalists; and then lying useless, it was called *Fisher's Folly.*

Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year[42], but finish none,
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal[43],
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to the' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, the' only scope
And consolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim;
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No;*
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost,

[42] Plato's year amounted to four thousand of our years, and formed the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world.

[43] Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which begun the Rebellion, murdered the King, (becoming then but the Rump, or fag-end of a House) and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell; restored after Richard was ousted, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command: and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Lenthal*, in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of *A Tale of a Tub.*

Unless our ancient virtuosis,
That found it out, get in to the' Houses.
' These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or Crook [44],
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Besides, the herds of Boutefeus
We set on work without the House,
When every knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearse:
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What t' other party's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions
Of proper slanders and seditions,

[44] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*.

And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit;
Wit falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays;
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling to be seen:
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations:
For charlatans can do no good
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid to' a groat in contribution:
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powdering-tubs their richest trade;
And, while they keep their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood we 'ave let;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again:
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy to' our principles
In time will wear out all things else;
Like marble statues, rub'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;

While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long [45]
Before from world to world they swung;
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changelings liv'd, they died.'
This said, th' impatient Statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to show his piques
Against the' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he' d administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd the' inside of his skull,
Instead of the' outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look
On the' adversary, and thus he spoke:
'In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
To' as point blank nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid:

[45] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, 'That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the way!'

Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score:
A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dress'd with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good-nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
'Those who have tried them can determine.
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
The' arrears of all your services,
And, for the' eternal obligation
You laid upon the' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd so' unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward
For letting rapine loose, and murder,
To rage just so far, but no further,
And setting all the land on fire,
To burn to' a scantling, but no higher;
For venturing to assassinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be' allow'd the fittest men
To take the Charge of both again:
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarried,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepan'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand;

As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
For so our ignorance was flam'd,
To damn ourselves, to' avoid being damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before [46],
And nick'd them on the self-same score)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lie,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles
From perching upon lofty poles,
And rescued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators;
For which ingeniously ye 'ave shew'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide
And scruple on the other side,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conscience and remorse;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies:

[46] Alluding to the case of Mr. Prynne, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings. Hence Milton, in one of his miscellaneous poems, says—

'Crop ye as close as marginal Prynne's ears.'

And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and false,
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Testament[47],
To serve the New for precedent;
To 'amend its errors and defects
With murder and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford[48].

[47] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment; who printed it, *Thou* shalt *commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commission Court.

[48] It was one of the artifices of the malecontents in the Civil war, to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular, they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and men-

While women, great with child, miscarried,
For being to Malignants married:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz [49];
And rather forfeit their indentures
Than not espouse the Saints' adventures;
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Enchant the King's and Church's lands,
To' obey and follow your commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcy-hill had done of old [50];
Could turn the Cov'nant, and translate
The Gospel into spoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open the' intricatest places;
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;

tions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: 'I was once arraigned,' says he, 'before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster Hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers.' To render him the more odious and detestable, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite that he would eat children: yet Colonel Lunsford was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

[49] See the Book of Judges, chap. v.

[50] See Camden's Britannia and Stow's Chronicle.

Until the Cause became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.
'And yet, in spite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit,
By whom you 'ave been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
Of all your Dispensations worm'd,
Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of the' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
Like better bowlers, in your places:
All which you bore with resolution,
Charg'd on the' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision;
That is, because you never durst:
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your possé of the rabble:
One single redcoat sentinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,

And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
Whole troops, with chapter rais'd and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers;
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of Outgoings;
Or to your ordering Providence,
One farthing's-worth of consequence.
' For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man;
There's nothing else that intervenes
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
To' advance the' interests of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own!
' 'Tis true you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense
And sanctified impertinence;
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model;
Oblig'd the State to talk about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
To' your great Croysado-General:
Your greedy slavering to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r;

That sprung the game you were to set,
Before he 'ad time to draw the net;
Your spite to see the Church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the Town;
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor the' Independents, spreading growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots [51];
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) the' affair;
Else frogs and toads that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
And flies and mange, that set them free
From taskmasters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit:
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to restore;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?

[51] Sealed knots were secret clubs

As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
'But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't,
Where Henderson [52], and the' other Masses,
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers [53]:
As if the' unseasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools,
Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter:
For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,

[52] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk.

[53] Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses*, (as Mas is an abridgment of Master) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems, (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small *objections*, and subjoin their own pitiful *solutions*. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol*. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Sollers*.

They did not mean he wrought the' effusion
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson [54];
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on;
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation-termagants?
But ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
To' inclose him with his warriors round;
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the' untimely sophists out.
' Nor had the Uxbridge business less
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness:
When from a scoundrel holder-forth [55],
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,

[54] Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted, for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword.

Ib. Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

[55] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty; and said, among other things, that ' no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood.'

Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
The' espousers of your cause and monies [56],
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends;
You basely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay
With double interest, and betray.
'Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,

[56] The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts making in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*

Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
' For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
' And so we may, if we 'ave but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we're sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
' I grant all curses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
(The only way that's left us now)
But all the difficulty's how.
'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;

Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
To' expose to sale, beside the wages,
Of storing plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn to' account
If we are brought in play upon't;
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And by the' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choust,
Who see but the' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights,
And, while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is't to serve for agents
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And present power from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;

Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests by turns,
The only way to' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
For if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our Brethren, though by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began to' espouse;
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only' among themselves converse,
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stickle
From Conclave down to Conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the Light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit:

Protect their emissaries, impower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the labourers for the Cause,
And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack;
To keep them equally in awe
From breaking, or maintaining law:
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full tides of the moon,
Put off their zeal to' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in and treason;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches;
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
' Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For if success could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants [57];
A scandle that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,

[57] The author of the 'Fourth Part of the History of Independency,' compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*.

And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night;
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the Crown;
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide:
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind;
Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want;
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
To' improve the factory of sects:
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of the' Ephesians;
Whence turning of religion's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;
To nab the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.

Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve to' improve a Church, as zeal;
As persecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
'Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do't:
But when the feat's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar the' event?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
'All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust.
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State;
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)

Intrust it under solemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For the' easy credulous to disperse.'
Thus far the Statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits[58]:—
'That beastly rabble[59]—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door,
Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages:
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,

[58] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell.

[59] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

And every representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We're grillied all at Temple-Bar;
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under Dun [60].
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth again [61]:
(For since the State has made a quint
Of Generals [62], he's listed in't)

[60] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

[61] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6,500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

[62] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

This worthy (as the world will say)
Is paid in specie, his own way;
For moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin [63]
A crop'd malignant baker gave 'em;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They'ave roasted Cook [64] already', and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.
' But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly' appears;
For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These sp'ritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heav'n by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels,

[63] Bavin is a faggot.

[64] Cook acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea also, in case the king had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee: but he suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up, in the' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites [65],
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
' Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few,
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus [66],
Found out this mystic way to jeer us:
For as the' Egyptians us'd by bees
To' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r;
Because these subtle animals
Bear all their interests in their tails,
But when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.
' For as, in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all,
So in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,

[65] Sambenite is a coat of coarse cloth, which penitents wear among the Romanists, and those condemned by the Spanish Inquisition when they go to execution.

[66] Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump, is
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shows how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head;
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
'The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All the' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of Art,
Os sacrum justly style that part:
Than what can better represent,
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,
That after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
'But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;

Condemn'd to' ungoverning distress,
And paltry, private wretchedness;
Worse than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parted, like the body' and soul,
From all dominion and control.
'We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valèt;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats,
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly;
For ruin's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual gaol [67],

[67] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed *in terrorem*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not be executed against them? They severally alleged, 'That,

And bless the devil, to let them farms
Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.'
This said, a near and louder shout
Put all the' assembly to the rout [68],
Who now begun to' outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear;
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast,
And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,

upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did surrender themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c.' And Harry Martyn briskly added, 'That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now.' A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt; so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

[68] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-Bar; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

But borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot:
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
As the' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
(As lesser pains are by the gout)
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

PART III. CANTO III[1].

ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit the' enchanted bow'r by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit,
To' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect-weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in the' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.

[1] Our Poet now resumes his principal subject: and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is,—because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem: this respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader; who is now arrived at the third day, since the opening of the poem.

For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard to' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supplied by fear,
That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To the' course of Nature, but its own,
The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment [2],
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and recued with a cheat,
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;

[2] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesy.
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desperate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear:
And though with kicks and bangs he plied
The further and the nearer side;
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney sails more swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began to' appear,
And shift to' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard to' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had to' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain the' approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
To' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her;
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd;
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
To' appear in one another's stead,
And act the saint's and devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
'What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy Independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?'—
'Alas!' quoth he, 'I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,

But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Who 'as drag'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
And from the' enchantments of a Widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.'
'That's stranger,' quoth the Knight, 'and stranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger?'
Quoth he, 'The' infernal conjurer
Pursued, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out,
Where I, in hugger-mugger, hid,
Have noted all they said or did:
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
To' avoid a fiercer second fight.'
'But didst thou see no devils then?'—
'Not one' quoth he, 'but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezabel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd, with derision,
To see them take your deposition.'
'What then,' quoth Hudibras, 'was he
That play'd the dev'l to' examine me?'
'A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;

Denied your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his mitre [3];
All which they take in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.'
' What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?'
Quoth he, ' I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.'
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd the' advantage of the day,

[3] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered in this place by Mr. Butler: for he abjured Episcopacy, and signed the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes in his Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his ' Episcopacy by Divine Right,' &c. 1640.

And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back:
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
To' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd,
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd, like a football, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, 'It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base:
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To slight my new acquests and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;
And, reckoning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;

Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might the' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.'
'All this,' quoth Ralph, 'I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powdering tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by the' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjuries;
Who, though the' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reason to complain;
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescued your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualified for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight;
Which, though as desperate in the' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
'But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest;

And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem to' amuse our foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive;
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest;
That spares the' expense of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If the' ancients crown'd their bravest men
That only sav'd a citizen;
What victory could e'er be won,
If every one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' the' victory;

And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome:
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
And though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum;*
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For those who run from the' enemy
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race:
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
Whom the' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;

Or else their sultan populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.'
Quoth Hudibras, 'I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;
Although the rabble sous'd them for't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor tied to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' the expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those achieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
And feats of arms to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory' or forage:
For if they fight 'tis but by chance,
When one side venturing to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully' i' th' rear,

And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground to' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part the' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only' encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As the' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally[4].
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving
Who longest can hold out at starving;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So the' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirasiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up,

[4] Meaning the Dutch, who seemed to favour the Parliamentarians.

And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.'
  Quoth Ralph, ' By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her;
Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and side.
But since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
By such addresses to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no course so' infeasible,
As this of force, to win the Jezabel;
To storm her heart, by the' antique charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather strive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand or seal, or breaking gold,
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,

And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that (unless I miss the matter)
Is all the business you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution,
With less disorder and confusion;
Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old.
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather;
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen:
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And whatsoe'er's achiev'd in fight
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be tried there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to, ere ye've done.
'The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover
A lady, that's as false, recover;
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

'For law's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages,
Who, though their business at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
They never manage the contest
To' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Commonwealth, the Cause, and side;
And though we're all as near of kindred
As the' outward man is to the inward,
We' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense
Than to' argue at their own expense,
To make the best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss;
And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no interest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
They 'ave no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert,
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes to' abound.

Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist and Paracelsian [5],
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;
And heralds stickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
'But lawyers are too wise a nation
To' expose their trade to disputation,
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats,
When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
'For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a Declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies,
They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,

[5] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born the latter end of the fifteenth, and lived almost to the middle of the sixteenth century.

And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.'
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse)
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon
The resolution as his own.
Quoth he, 'This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but the' expense;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;
And if she should, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:

And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she's as desperate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
But since I have no other course,
But is as bad to' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still,
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him;
For I've receiv'd advertisement,
By times enough, of his intent:
And knowing he that first complains
The' advantage of the business gains;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear
Is freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way to' encounter or surprise;

And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit the' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor and justice too.'
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case:
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hindering justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whip'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords;
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With the' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;

The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine,
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees;
But was implacable and aukward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As the' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.
Quoth he,' 'There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd'—'Very well.'
'And now he brags to 'ave beaten me;'—
'Better, and better still,' quoth he;
'And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me'—'Best of all.'

'Tis true the knave has taken's oath
That I robb'd him'—'Well done, in troth.'
'When he 'as confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again'—'Marry, hang him.'
'Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?'—'I understand.'
'Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?'—'Ah! whoreson.'
'Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?'—'Right.'
'Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?'—'True.'
'Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the' action?'—'Better still.'
'Then there's a lady, too.'—'Aye, marry.'
'That's easily prov'd accessary;
A Widow, who by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse;
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.'—'Good Lord!'
'Suborn'd the' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell,
Who put me into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life'—'Make that appear.'
'Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body'—'Good again.'
'And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle'—'Worse and worse.'

' And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
To' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.'
' Sir,' quoth the lawyer, ' not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:
For if they' ave us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy!
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And if I durst I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking business off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.'

'I thank you,' quoth the Knight, 'for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat'—
'For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Convey men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus;*
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius.*
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The business to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By the' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or talés,
Although retain'd in the' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.'
'For that,' quoth he, 'let me alone;
We 'ave store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.'
'That's well,' quoth he, 'but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,

Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey [6] for a water-witch;
And when ye 'ave hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 'ave time enough to deal with her.
In the' interim, spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains to' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to intrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye.
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' the' temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-leg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit men ne'er fail
To' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,

[6] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art.

Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls;
And when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.'
'I would not give,' quoth Hudibras,
'A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 'ave earn'd, (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid.'—
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN

HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

'I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle:
For since I am denied access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to 'ave won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
'Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much ye 'ave wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:

Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney-perjurers:
For there's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;
Who always are observ'd to 'ave don't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
(For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honour:)
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day;
And make the' exposing and retailing
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.
'It is no scandal nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say he naturally abhor'd
The' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more useful to the great
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish the' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by the' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be crop'd or torn.

And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine;
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by't.
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This y' 'ave acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
To' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And where the sense by custom's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not be' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's;
And not be tied to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,

Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that restores
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For love's the only trade that's driven,
The interest of state in Heaven,
Which nothing but the soul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address, and compliment, by vision;
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heaven itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for the' offence's sake?

Or if it did not, but the cause
Were left to the' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great to' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was us'd so' unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder:
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And, when your sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;

And, after all, to be debar'd
So much as standing on his guard;
When horses, being spur'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
'Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
Be' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems to' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
To' intrap the' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard [1];

[1] Nye was a leading independent preacher, and one of the assembly of divines; had the living of Acton, near London, and was very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

Prepost'rously to' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
'A lover is, the more he's brave,
To' his mistress but the more a slave;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's oblig'd to' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
To' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will,
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess'd,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men, when they're under force:
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What the' hangman and their prompters please;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure

To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on the' adventure went:
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what romance can show a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to hon'rable in time.
'To what a height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
And freely married where they pleas'd,
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
Nor, in the mind they were in, died;
Nor took the pains to' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade, to woo:
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about settlements;
Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In the' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts,
Till alimony [2], or death parts;
Nor would endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,

[2] Alimony is an allowance that the law gives a woman for separate maintenance, upon living from her husband.

But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies,—downright force;
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues;
And when they had them at their pleasure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By suit or treaty, to be won;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
'For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better' or worse,
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should every savage beast
Exceed his great Lord's interest?

Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to repel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good;
And not, like sots, permit their wives
To' incroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery:
And this some precious Gifted Teachers,
Unreverently reputed Leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond the' instructions of my love.
' Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
The' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to show
Excess of love and temper too;
All I have said that's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul,

That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
Both with an equal pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest:
But none like him, who's destin'd either
To have or lose you both together;
And if you'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate, upon my skin,
The' arrears in full of all my sin:
For 'tis but just that I should pay
The' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.'
  The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause, to' himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
'Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:'
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoaking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—'I burn, and weep,'
And near it—'For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present:'
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how to' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter :
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE

LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

'THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me; who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin [1] you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon:
That sword that did, like Fate, determine
The' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on hon'rable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove to' evade
The oaths you had in prison made;

[1] Replevin is the releasing of cattle or goods distrained, with surety to answer the distrainer's suit.

Forswore yourself, and first denied it,
But after own'd, and justified it,
And when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow,
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is the' only course:
We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware:
These are the motives which, to' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting;
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity, at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,
Or forfeitures which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The mystery of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,

But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on your lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects:
Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear,
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' the' charms and graces of my house;
What ecstasy and scorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from the' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
'These are the' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;

To these they' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and to hold, and to enjoy;
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand [2],
Still fall to the' owner of the land;
And, where there's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
' But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence, 'tis you have no way to' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, a philtre-love commands?

[2] Any thing given or forfeited, for the pacification of divine wrath.

'This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse;
For money has a power above
The stars, and fate, to manage love,
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tip'd with gold.
And though some say, the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride;
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And woo and contract in their names,
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money,
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And when they 're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done;
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow;

Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery;
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less:
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the' last;
And when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take, upon their death, a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
To' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
So slight as to be justified,
By being as shamefully denied;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost
By' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con;*
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny:

Although you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins[3],
To govern such a numerous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
'And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight;
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces;
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit.
For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a present to be given.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;

[3] Covin is a deceitful agreement between two or more, to the injury of some other.

Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degenerate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
And polish'd, looks a diamond?
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness;
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has confer'd;
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely' usurp'd, or vainly lost,
Is now our right; to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear, in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,

Force you our managements to' obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
To' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit and own yourselves our slaves;
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our interests own,
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you, and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us, at second-hand:
As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Prester John [4],
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise,
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
We' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emperors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's [5] braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

[4] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

[5] Joan of Arc, called also *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Or-*

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable [6].
' We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To the' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.

leans. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc and Isabella Romee; was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dunis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *fleur de lis* were engraven, which put the King in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it: upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

[6] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commérce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct vail,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us;
That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
'We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please;
And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valèts, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd,
And scorn to' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits to' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when y 'ave try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you' in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity to' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are prepost'rous;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.

'And these are all the mighty pow'rs
You vainly boast to cry down ours;
And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting:
Because yourselves are terrified,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit:
By your example, lose that right
In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
And terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race;
Let men usurp the' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women[7].'

[7] We see after all, (says Mr. Byron) that the Widow was too cunning to be entrapped either by the threats or entreaties of the Knight's Epistle. All his hypocritical pretences being thus disappointed, we may conjecture that he deemed them unavailable; as we hear nothing further concerning them.

END OF VOL. II.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

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